

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,541

JUNE 10, 1899

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



\*STRAND\*

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\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE

**THE GRAPHIC, JUNE 10, 1899**



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

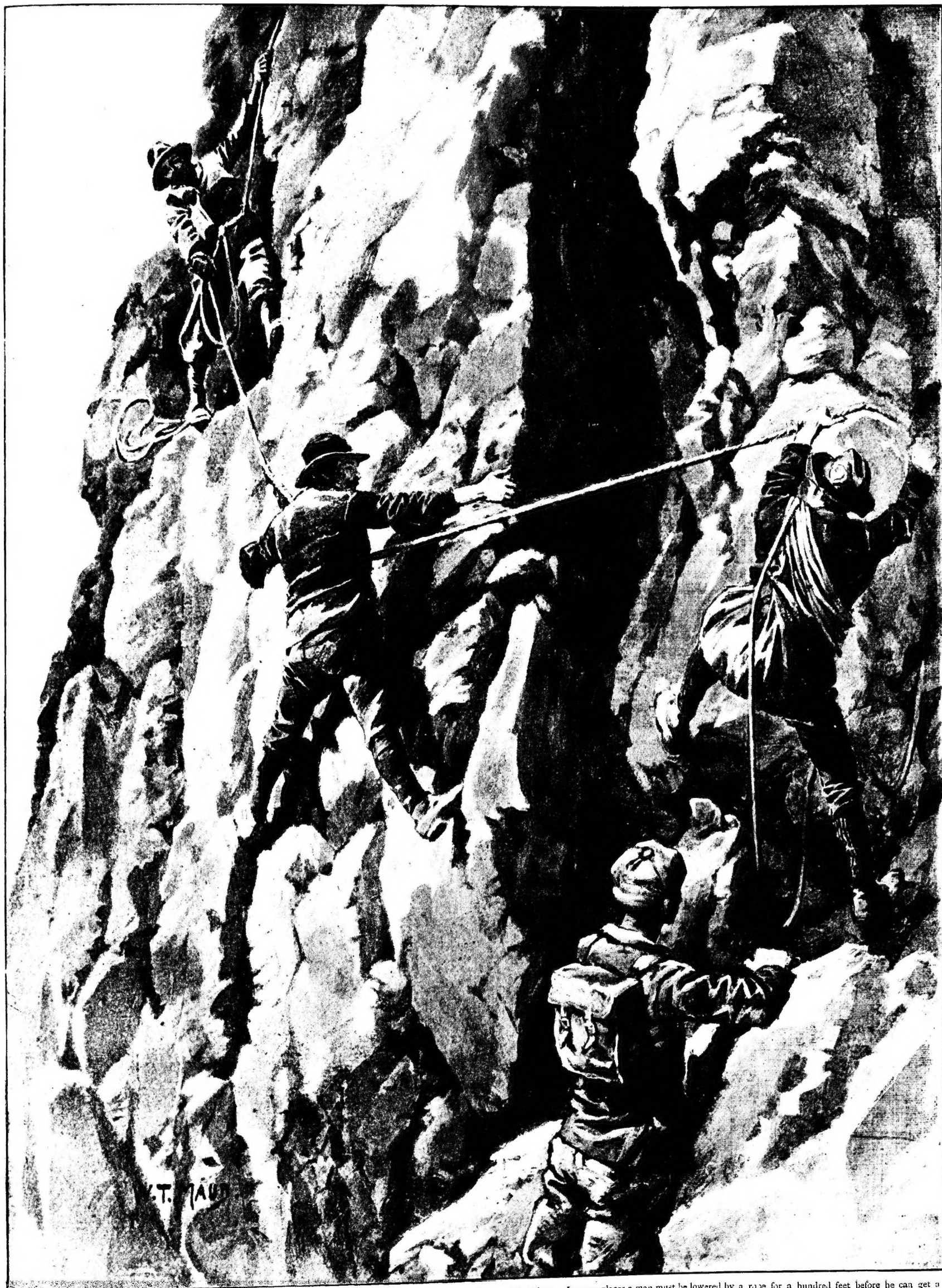
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1899

WITH TWO EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENTS  
"The Military Tournament" and  
"Trooping the Colour"

[PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post, 9½d.]



The tall pinnacles of bare rock which characterise the mountains of the Austrian Tyrol offer unlimited scope and variety to the mountaineer. Seen from below, or from a distance, many of the peaks appear to be perfectly inaccessible, but there are very few of them that have not been scaled. The Tyrolean peasants, who act as guides, are born rock climbers. Their daring is only equalled by their ingenuity, and no precipice

can defeat them. In some places a man must be lowered by a rope for a hundred feet before he can get a grip, and in others he will crawl along a ledge where no chamois could find a foothold, and where the slip of a hand or foot would launch him into eternity.

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE TYROL: A HAZARDOUS CLIMB ON THE DOLOMITES

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD



## Topics of the Week

PARIS has passed through a stormy week, but on the whole it has been eminently reassuring. If the decision of the Court of Cassation in the Dreyfus case has not yet produced the complete *apaisement* which M. Brisson expected when he first set Revision in motion, it is because a widely ramifying conspiracy had to be unmasked, and the Supreme Court has had the courage to unmask it completely. Behind the military plot against Dreyfus there has all along been a sort of tacit conspiracy of Royalist sedition-mongers. These men were not likely to be appeased by anything the Court of Cassation might do. Their main concern was neither to keep Dreyfus in prison nor to let him out, neither to obstruct nor to serve the ends of justice. It was, above all, to prevent a general *apaisement*, to foment the conflict of the civil and military powers, to exaggerate and exacerbate the grievances of the army in the hope that the Republic might suffer, and that a new *régime* might take its place. It is consequently their business to prevent the decision of the Supreme Court from even appearing to restore social peace and to profit by the wholesale indictment framed by that tribunal by taking up the cause of the personages struck by it. Hence the incitements to military revolt which M. Drumont and M. Rochefort have not scrupled to print; hence, too, the disgraceful attack on the President at Auteuil, and hence the scandalous scenes in the Chamber over the proposed prosecution of General Mercier. But when we come to look closely at the events of the past week we find that, despite all this sound and fury, the tendency is essentially wholesome and stable. In the first place, the action of the Court of Cassation itself is a remarkable vindication, not only of the principles which lie at the root of good government, but of the vitality of the institutions of the Republic, and of the courage and sense of duty of the men who administer them. The Judges have given a decision without fear or favour, have braved the intimidation of the generals and the menaces of fanatics rather than palter with truth and justice. It was, of course, their duty, but under a monarchical *régime* they could not have done more. Then we find that the country at large has accepted the decision not merely with tranquillity but with obvious relief. The talk of military *pronunciamientos* has proved the most arrant twaddle, for not a sword has rattled in the scabbard. M. de Cassagnac's idea that the people are yearning for a dictator finds a sufficient refutation in the "correctitude" and orderliness of the colossal demonstrations of welcome with which Major Marchand was received. Finally, we have the hollowness and artificiality of the ruffianly outbreak at Auteuil last Sunday. One has only to glance at the names of the prisoners, with their nobiliary predicates and their descriptions as of "no occupation," to see how far removed they are from the great bulk of the laborious and essentially democratic nation. It was the manifestation of a class, and it completely failed to produce the slightest response beyond its own limits. The army—*la grande muette*—has been as little moved by it as it was by the insults of M. Gohier and his friends. The general public have only been startled by it into fresh demonstrations of attachment to the Republic. These young noblemen have, indeed, helped to consolidate the existing order of things inasmuch as they have forced on a new Republican concentration and have strengthened the hands of the Government to apply drastic remedies to the evils revealed by the Dreyfus investigation. In short, the upshot of the week is to leave the Republic sounder, both physically and morally, than it has been for a good many years.

The Spanish Government did an excellent stroke of business when it sold the Carolines, the Pellews, and the Marianas—except Guam, previously ceded to the United States—to Germany. Not only does this unexpected transaction bring a welcome supply of hard cash to the Madrid Treasury, but it frees Spain for ever from the expense of maintaining distant possessions of little commercial and no political value. Germany, intent on Empire-building, and dreaming of commercial conquest, occupies a wholly different position. The islands she has acquired may possibly help her to realise her magnificent aspirations in the dim and misty future. Be that as it may, the transfer makes no difference to either England or the United States. They are certain to share maritime supremacy in the Pacific for many a year, and Germany cannot hope to dispute their joint sovereignty until she possesses a Navy corresponding in magnitude to her land forces. The bargain is, therefore, advantageous to both parties, and especially to the vendor, as it enables the Spanish Government to concentrate all its endeavours on home development. The intrinsic wealth of the Iberian Peninsula would, if fully utilised, much more than compensate for the territorial losses consequent upon defeat. Cuba and the Philippines drained away much more life and treasure than they gave back.

The approaching races between the *Shamrock* and the *Columbia* have revived the question as to whether the conditions attached to the *America* Cup contest give as fair a chance to the challenger as to the challenged. Among British yachtsmen the contrary opinion is very strongly held,

their assertion being that the challenger is bound to lose speed should she meet with bad weather when crossing the Atlantic. The famous American schooner which carried back the trophy from Cowes had, it is true, to pass through that ordeal. But in those days racing craft were altogether different to what they are now, when a mere film of metal composes the hull, and when strength is sacrificed to lightness throughout. The *America* was quite "a bed of timber" as Moulmein-built merchantmen used to be called, compared with the racing machines now turned out by both British and American builders, and yet history states that although she accomplished a victorious *début*, she never did much after she was purchased by Lord de Blaquiere at a fancy price. There is another page of history, too, which tells how one of Lord Dunraven's flying cutters, while crossing the Atlantic to race for the Cup, was so knocked about in a bit of storm that her sailing speed was never again what it had been before she got strained. The fair test of skill in yacht building between the two countries would be a home-at-home match, with, say, a race round the Bermudas in the event of the previous heats being indecisive. If the Royal Yacht Squadron and the New York Yacht Club jointly presented a Challenge Cup with those conditions attached, there would never be wanting a sufficiency of entries.

## The Court

COURT life in the Highlands is of the quietest and most uneventful character just now. The Queen is enjoying a much-needed rest, and spends all her leisure time out of doors. In the bright summer weather the country round Balmoral looks especially charming as the Royal party revisit favourite spots like the Danzig Shiel and Mar Lodge. Sometimes the Grand Duchess of Hesse and the little Princess Ena of Battenberg ride, whilst the Queen drives with Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the riders meeting the Royal carriage on the way. It is rare for Her Majesty to be without one of her daughters as at present, but her two grandchildren, the Grand Duchess and Princess Victoria, are bright and lively companions. The Queen is always pleased to have young people about her, and makes many plans for their enjoyment. Hearing that Pinder's Circus was in the neighbourhood, Her Majesty commanded a performance in a field close to the Castle. Not only the Royal children, but the tenants and servants were allowed to witness the proceedings, whilst the Queen herself was present in her pony chair. Her Majesty is keeping very well, and the alarming rumours about her eyesight are sheer exaggerations. On returning to Windsor the Queen will hold a review at Aldershot, probably on the 26th inst.

London had its turn of Royal birthday festivities on Saturday. Curiously enough the official celebration of the Queen's birthday coincided with the actual anniversary of the Duke of York's birth, so that the Sovereign and her direct heir in the second generation kept their birthdays together. Trooping the colour at the Horse Guards is always the chief feature of the day, and this year the brilliant sunshine made the spectacle more effective than ever. After the ceremony the Prince and Princess of Wales gave a big luncheon party, and in the evening the Prince attended the Premier's official banquet, going subsequently to Lady Salisbury's reception. Most of the Royalties met there, the Dukes of Connaught and York having as usual dined respectively with the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty. Salutes and illuminations were also part of the birthday programme.

This has been a busy week for the Prince of Wales. Monday he lunched with the Lord Mayor to meet the Master and Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, went to the House of Lords, and in the evening was present at the Centenary Dinner of the Royal Institution; Tuesday he was again at the Royal Institution for Lord Rayleigh's lecture, going afterwards to Lord's to see the Australian cricketers; Wednesday found him at Windsor inspecting the Royal Counties' Agricultural Show, which Princess Christian had opened two days before, and back in town by the evening for the annual dinner of the 2nd Life Guards; on Thursday he went down to Winchester to lay the foundation-stone of the new barracks, and yesterday (Friday) he was to be at the Drawing Room presided over by the Princess. This being the first Drawing Room where the Princess has appeared since her mourning for her mother, a specially large attendance was expected. Today (Saturday) the Prince and Princess and family will be at Lady Salisbury's garden party at Hatfield—another of the few occasions on which the Princess will join in the season's gaieties. She is not going to Ascot, and although the Prince will be present, there is to be no State procession to the course. He will be staying at Ascot Heath House, close to the Royal enclosure, so that there is no need for a procession. This will be a Jubilee Ascot for the Prince, as it is just fifty years since he first went to the races as a little lad with the Queen and Prince Albert. The Prince will be back in town for a Levée on the 19th, while two more State functions follow—a State Concert on the 30th prox., and a State Ball on July 7.

The memory of the late Duchess of Teck is well kept green by many of the charities for which she worked so hard and cheerfully. Now one more memorial has been placed in Kew Parish Church, where the Duchess worshipped in youth—a beautiful window with Martha and Mary as the subject, given by various philanthropic societies. The Duke and Duchess of York, with various members of the Teck and Cambridge Houses, were present at the Dedication Service, afterwards adjourning to Kew Cottage for a family gathering. There the chief object was to congratulate young Princess Marie of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, granddaughter of the Grand Duchess, on her coming love-match with a German nobleman. She is the elder sister of the Princess Jutta, who is going to marry the Crown Prince of Montenegro.

At this height of the London season every day finds our various Princes and Princesses engaged in some public business or charitable function. Princesses Christian and Louise have opened

bazaars and presented badges to nurses; the Duke of Albany has presided at a meeting of her favourite League of Nations; the Duke and Duchess of York have opened a new home for the Fortescue House Boys' Home, Twickenham, and the Duke of Devonshire has been at the work by the Duke of Devonshire to inspect the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles camp.

The next reigning Sovereign to visit our country is King Charles of Portugal. He proposes to come to London, and the Queen for the visit of the British Fleet to Lisbon.

## In Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE debate on the motion to bestow a gift of a sword upon Lord Kitchener in recognition of his success in the Sudan, was, by accident, lifted above the ordinary level of similar occasions. What usually happens is that the Leader of the House of Commons extolling the achievements of the successful soldier, the Leader of the Opposition seconds the motion in a similar manner, and the issue of the national cheque is authorised. It was, however, the head, more persistently intrusive than the head of Kitchener, that in a famous memorial, that changed the aspect of the debate.

Undoubtedly a shock followed on the news abruptly given upon the country that (as was first reported) the Mahdi's head had been opened, the head cut off, and preserved for the curiosity of the family circle, whilst the bones were flung into the river. A good many people felt it would have been better to leave an ancient bone in the ground. Later came the statements of Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener, showing how the act was in no measure inspired by feelings of vengeance, and was rather a political movement undertaken after deliberation and consideration and with the full knowledge of its bearing upon the Mahomedan population. The tomb of the Mahdi, who long held and desolated the Soudan, who defied the arms of England and slew Gordon, had since his death become the rallying ground of militant Mahomedanism. He was regarded as a deity in death still omnipotent. The most effective way to dispel this illusion was that adopted by Lord Kitchener. On the face of it it was brutal. It was carried out with the object of preventing recrudescence of far wider and more savage brutalities long associated with Mahdism.

That the House of Commons accepted this view of the situation was shown by the rattling majority that approved the vote challenged on this particular issue. Mr. John Morley, declining to be governed by considerations of expediency, insisted on punishing Lord Kitchener by fining him the 30,000*l.* a grateful House of Commons proposed to endow his peerage withal. In advance much interest was excited as to the positions that would be taken up by the discordant elements on the Front Opposition Bench. It was assumed as a matter of course that Sir William Harcourt would rally to the side of the sole constituent of his party in the Front Opposition camp. As for the titular Leader of the Opposition he kept his own counsel, unmindful of the varying rumours that assigned to him divers intentions. Sir William Harcourt mastered the difficulty by staying away, leaving Mr. Morley all alone.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made a speech that vindicated his reputation for canny. Mr. Arthur Balfour, in a speech that showed unwonted marks of studied preparation, extolled in the most language the exploits of the Sirdar, who watched the scene from the Peers' Gallery. The Leader of the Opposition did not fall half a note below the pitch of this applause. But having thus gratified one section of the audience, he turned round to smother the raucous feathers of the rest by condemning the dealing with the bones of the Mahdi. It was, he said, the kind of blunder that is worse than a crime.

The debate lasted through the long, sultry summer night. Perhaps the best, certainly the most immediately effective contribution was a remark by Lord Charles Beresford. Regarding the action of the Sirdar, whilst admitting that it might have been carried out in a better way, he pierced the inflated bladder of sentiment on which some of the speakers floated. Mr. Morley declared himself profoundly shocked by the invasion of the Mahdi's tomb, with dispersal of his bones, and, above all, the original private design of the retention of his head for show purposes. But Mr. Morley is a trustee of the British Museum. In the British Museum are housed hundreds of mummies dug out of their graves in Egypt, and brought to London for exhibition. "A strange thing," Lord Charles Beresford quipped, "that if a man has been dead a thousand years, a friend may take his skull off the table, and you will, without a shudder, observe that it has been converted to the uses of an inkstand. If he had been dead for only twelve years invasion of his tomb is an outrage." There is, of course, a good deal to be said on the other side. But this shot went home.

The question of Women's Rights unexpectedly, and with surprising success, turned up in the House this week. The Government Bill as it passed through Committee made a provision for the legalisation of the candidature of women for seats on the Councils as councillors or aldermen. On the report stage Mr. Courtney moved a proviso declaring that no persons shall be disqualified for service either as alderman or councillor on the Councils of any borough or county by reason of sex or marriage for service either as alderman or councillor. When the subject was introduced the Chamber was in a state of indifference of the present House. When the result of the vote was announced it appeared that 357 had taken part in the vote, a majority of 35 to Mr. Courtney. Certainly, the odd 35 from in from the Terrace, and were, possibly, not altogether free from the fascination of the company, which on this summer evening crowded the tea-tables.

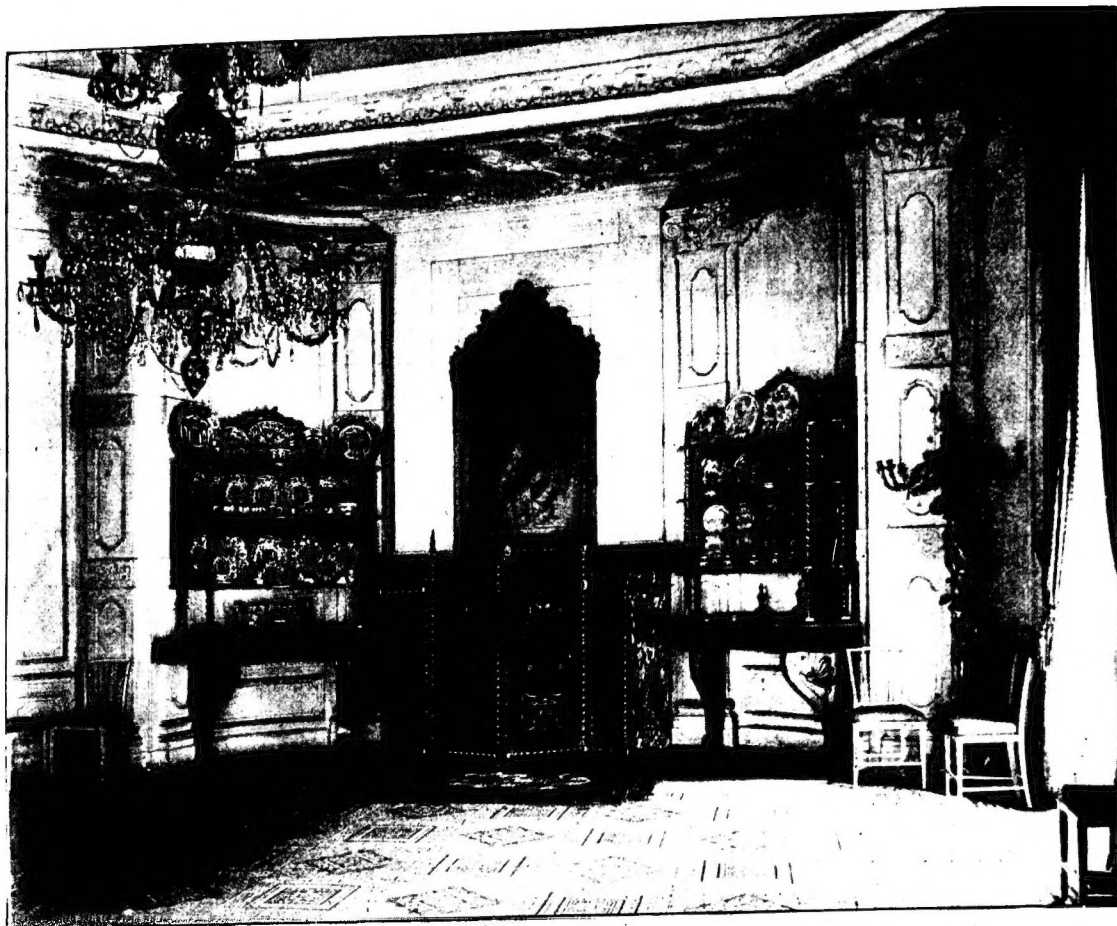
A curious feature in the performance was the absence of Ministers from participation in the debate. Mr. Balfour, in charge of the Bill, was, as usual, in close attendance. He is on the question of Women's Rights has been lately set forth in favour of the political equality of women, stopping short of taking her seat in the House of Commons. As the Government Bill made no provision for women taking their seats in the new Parliament of London it is presumable such a course was not approved by Ministers. Mr. Courtney's amendment assailed the principle of the Bill. If it had been carried in the teeth of the opposition from the Treasury Bench it would have led to a Ministerial crisis. As it was not only did silence reign on the Treasury Bench, but the Government Whips were not instructed to speak in the division. Members thus left fancy free the division was taken on non-party lines, with the result recorded.



and accelerated.



COLONEL KÜRZLI (SWITZERLAND)  
Commander of the IV. Corps d'Armée of the Swiss Army



THE DINING HALL IN THE PALACE IN THE WOOD



THE DUKE OF LLAN (SPAIN)  
Senator and ex-Secretary of the Ministry of War



HERR HJULHAMMAR (SWEDEN AND NORWAY)  
Commodore in the Swedish Navy



CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN (UNITED STATES)  
Naval Expert



MR. F. W. HOLLS (UNITED STATES)  
Secretary of the U.S. Delegation



THE CHINESE HALL IN THE PALACE IN THE WOOD



CAPT. S. SAKUMA (JAPAN)  
Director of the Naval College at Yokohama



MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. THAULOW  
(SWEDEN AND NORWAY)  
Chief of the Medical Staff of the Norwegian Army



HOO WEI-TEH (CHINA)



M. ODIER (SWITZERLAND)  
National Councillor



REAR-ADMIRAL MEHMED PASHA  
(TURKEY)



DR. E. N. RAINES (HOLLAND)  
Member of the State General

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE





DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.  
After a few preliminary trials at night, the first tramcar in Ceylon has made its first run. On the occasion the termini of the line were decorated, especially the Fort end, where the British and American flags were flying together, the latter flag being used in honour of the engineers at the Central Station, who are Americans. Crowds gathered to see the new cars, and the number of passengers who crowded into them far exceeded the number they were supposed to carry. The cars are worked by the overhead wire system, and the first trips have been very successful.

WESTERN CIVILISATION IN THE EAST: THE FIRST ELECTRIC TRAMWAY IN CEYLON

FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. VAN DORT

The Birthday Honours

CONTRARY to expectation the annual list of Birthday Honours published last Saturday is comparatively short. For the first time for many years no new peerage has been conferred, and no peer has been given a step in the ranks of his order. The style and title of Lord Mayor has been granted to the Mayor of Bristol; and six baronetcies and sixteen knighthoods have been conferred. The first of the new baronets is the Right Hon. Samuel James Way, Chief Justice in South Australia. He is in his sixty-third year. He has been Attorney-General, Chief Justice, and Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony, and in 1897 became the first representative of the Australian Colonies on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He is an honorary D.C.L. of Oxford and hon. LL.D. of Cambridge, and is a member of the Athenæum Club. Mr. Thomas Brooke, the second of the baronets, is very well known in commercial circles in Huddersfield, with which town he has been associated for many years. The third recipient of the honour is Mr. Samuel Hoare, the well-known M.P. for Norwich. He was for many years a partner in the banking house of Barnetts, Hoare and Co., and is a J.P. for Norfolk and Middlesex, and a Lieutenant for the City of London. He was born in 1841, and was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. Mr. Thomas Salt, who also becomes a baronet, was born in 1830, and represented Stafford in Parliament for more than thirty years, having been first returned in 1859. He belongs to a banking family, and has been President of the Institute of Bankers. Dr. John Scott Burdon-Sanderson, F.R.S., the fifth in the list of baronets, is Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University. He was born in 1828, and his public career has extended over a period of thirty to forty years. He was Croonian Lecturer at the Royal Society from 1867 to 1877, and has also been Harveian Orator to the Royal College of Physicians. In 1874

appointments in the various Orders have been conferred upon public officials for services to the State, such, for instance, as the K.C.M.G. conferred upon Mr. Rennell Rodd, and the K.C.B. granted to Mr. William Preece, the well-known electrician. Professor Michael Foster, of Cambridge, who is to preside at this year's meeting of the British Association, is also given a K.C.B. Our portraits are by the following firms: Mr. Thomas Brooke, Professor Burdon Sanderson, Mr. Thomas Salt, Mr. H. M. Stanley, by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Mr. S. Hoare, M.P., by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street; Mr. John Usher, by Moffat, Edinburgh; Mr. L. Alma-Tadema, by G. de P'ernau, Cannes; and Chief Justice Way, by Hammer and Co., Adelaide.

Senor Sarasate

SEÑOR PABLO SARASATE's visit to London this summer has, unfortunately, been a very short one, practically, indeed, limited to eight days, as, after his second concert on Saturday, he returned to the Continent. The popular violinist will, however, be back again in the autumn, when he will remain here a couple of months, and, besides recitals in London, will give a series of performances in the principal towns of the United Kingdom. Señor Sarasate's popularity with his audiences is almost a personal one, and is by no means confined to this country, where, as in the United States, women have beyond question always been among his most enthusiastic supporters. In his native Pampeluna, where he usually spends a portion of the year, the enthusiasm of the populace for their gifted countryman knows no bounds. Indeed Sarasate, who, unlike most of those who gain their livelihood by public applause, hates public demonstrations, is obliged to keep his coming a secret. His arrival, however, soon leaks out, and a couple of years ago the inhabitants, with some wealthy ladies at their head, got up a

although his now whitened locks give him, perhaps, an even older, though unmistakable handsome appearance. Those who recollect him twenty years ago will recall a rather thin-faced man, with bushy black hair and well-trained moustache, an elegant-looking figure, but manly withal, and quite free from the sickly mentalities adopted by some other musical favourites of the day. As a child Sarate was brought from North Spain to France, and in January, 1856, before he was twelve years of age, he entered the Conservatoire, where he became a pupil of Alard, gaining in the following year the first prize for violin playing. Thus Sarate, and perhaps the most eminent of living members of the school of Baillot, a school which developed the great Parisian violin playing at its greatest, but which seemed at one time to be abandoned owing to the more showy influence of Paganini. Baillot's pupils was Habeneck, who taught the young Léonard, and Alard, and among their pupils were Marsick, and one or two others. Sarate himself is a player of great purity and sweetness of tone, absolutely perfect in execution, and marvellously refined and brilliant execution. These are his chief characteristics, and although he has endeavoured from time to time to increase his repertory by the inclusion of works by Bach and other classical masters, it is in comparison with the brilliant school, and particularly in his own Spanish pieces of virtuosity that his audiences best appreciate him.

Royal Military Tournament

VISITORS to the Agricultural Hall during the past few days of sultry weather have been able to realise the value of the awning beneath the glass roof which shades them from the hot rays of



THE RIGHT HON. S. J. WAY  
New Baronet



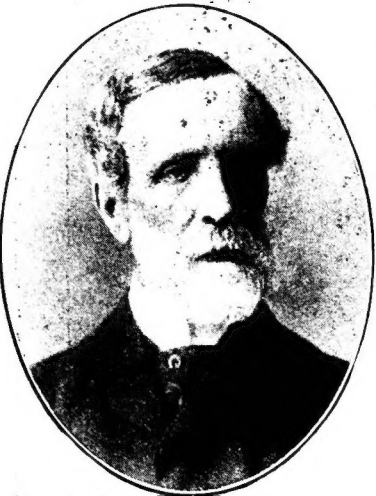
MR. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.  
New Knight



MR. H. M. STANLEY, M.P.  
New Knight



MR. THOMAS BROOKE  
New Baronet



MR. JOHN USHER  
New Baronet



PROF. J. S. BURDON-SANDERSON  
New Baronet



MR. THOMAS SALT  
New Baronet



MR. SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.  
New Baronet

RECIPIENTS OF BIRTHDAY HONOURS

he was appointed Jodrell Professor of Physiology at University College, London, and in 1882 Waynflete Professor at Oxford. He was President of the British Association in 1893. Mr. John Usher, another of the new baronets, is the senior partner of the firm of Andrew Usher and Company, distillers, Edinburgh. He was associated with the Liberal cause in Midlothian until 1885 when he became a Liberal Unionist, and zealously opposed the Home Rule movement. Last July he announced his intention of building and equipping an Institute of Public Health in connection with Edinburgh University. He also completed the endowment of the Chair of Public Health which was initiated by the late Mr. R. L. Bruce.

Heading the list of knighthoods is Mr. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., whose work is so well known. Born some sixty-four years ago in Holland, he has since become a naturalised Englishman, and was elected R.A. in 1879. Other prominent new knights are Dr. William Mitchell Banks and Mr. John Sibbald, who worthily represent the medical profession in the list; the former is well known in Liverpool, and has been on the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons for some years, while the latter has just returned from the post of Lunacy Commissioner in Scotland. The Grand Cross of the Bath has been conferred upon Sir Charles Stewart Scott, Her Majesty's Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and upon Mr. H. M. Stanley, M.P. Mr. Stanley has been known to the whole world since he found Livingstone in 1871. His books describing his travels in Central Africa are famous, and the honour conferred upon him will be generally approved. Many

regular fête in his honour, with a decorated township, fireworks, and all sorts of things. In Pampeluna, a Navarrese town only twenty miles from the French frontier, Sarate has also formed a species of museum of various *objets d'art* which have been presented to him by crowned heads and other eminent people in the course of his career. The Spanish partiality for bull fighting is unconquerable, and some time ago, it seems, Sarate, happening to visit Pampeluna during the fêtes in that town, went to the bull fight. Although he sat at the back of a box, the public speedily recognised him, leaped over the amphitheatre and induced him by sheer force to come out, after which, on the shoulders of four gigantic Spaniards, he was carried triumphantly through the town to his residence. The crowd then insisted upon a musical reward, and Sarate had to appear at the balcony and play them some Spanish dances before they would disperse.

Señor Sarate's habitual residence, however, is in Paris, where his rooms are decorated with exquisite taste, for their owner, besides being an eminent musician, is likewise an eminent judge of art. Sarate, nevertheless, seems to be equally at home among all nations. Even in Germany, where the school of Boehm, as exemplified by Dr. Joachim and his numerous pupils, is still triumphant, Sarate is always a welcome guest. It is true that recently some of the German critics have complained that his repertory is unduly limited; but inasmuch as his appearances in the Fatherland, or, indeed, in any other country, are comparatively few, this does not signify. Pablo Martin Meliton de Sarate y Navascues was born in 1844,

such a sun as we do not get for many days together. The velarium of the Roman amphitheatre served the purpose as the awning at Islington; and, indeed, the aspect of the London Hall has more and more approximated to that which the ancient arenas must have presented. But the weather makes no difference in the matter. Rain or shine the vast hall is full in all its sections: in the gallery are crowds of society ladies in the freshest toilettes; in the one-shilling gallery are those who are not so light, perhaps, or so gay; but all serve equally. R.M.T. seems to have a magnetic drawing forth of applause, and people who rarely clap at a theatre may be seen at Islington applauding as the children themselves, while one by one the items of the programme pass before them. Be it the Artillery in single combats; the musical ride of the 2nd Life Guards of the rough and tumble of the cavalry *marches*; the *Excellents* bluejackets or the terrific "Assault on the Flag"; every event is successful; there is no hitch, no falling out of the Royal Dragoons, as shown in our Supplement of the 2nd Life Guards who have taken their place for half of the time, has been one of the most successful features of the show. Perfect riding, perfectly trained horses, the scopic effect of gay colour and fluttering pennons, such are the attractions of this one item alone.





THE LATE HERR JOHANN STRAUSS



THE LATE REV. LUKE RIVINGTON



THE LATE MR. F. THOMSON



THE LATE DR. ROBERT WALLACE, M.P.



THE LATE DR. NORMAN KERR

### Our Portraits

DR. NORMAN KERR, who died last week after a long illness, was one of the persistent advocates of temperance in the medical profession. It was largely owing to his persevering efforts that the Habitual Drunkards' Act of 1898, which came into force at the beginning of this year, was passed. He was born in 1834, and took his M.D. at Glasgow University in 1861. For ten years he travelled in the United States and Canada, and even then was deeply interested in the study of the temperance question. Returning to England he began practising in Bedford, but in 1874 he came to London, and soon became recognised as one of the leading authorities on the treatment of alcoholism. He was, by-the-by, one of the earliest members of the United Kingdom Alliance, and took part in the proceedings at its first meeting, held in Manchester in 1853. Dr. Norman Kerr read numerous papers before the British Medical Association and other scientific societies on the mortality caused by intemperance, the relation of drink to insanity, the medical administration of alcohol, the cure of inebriates, and kindred subjects. His "Etiology, Pathology, Treatment, and Jurisprudence of Inebriety" is the standard book on alcoholism. Dr. Kerr was physician to the Dalrymple Home, which he founded in 1864.—Our portrait is by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Baker Street.

Herr Johann Strauss, the famous composer of the "Blue Danube" and many other waltzes, who died last Saturday, came of a musical family. His father, Johann Strauss, was in his time one of the best known composers of dance music, and his celebrated band was

famous all over Europe. Johann Strauss the younger was the eldest of three brothers, all of them successful composers and conductors of dance music. He was born in Vienna in 1825. His father, who, curiously enough, wished none of his boys to follow his own profession, made Johann a clerk in a savings bank. But the boy, who had composed his first waltz when only six years old, was not destined to let his talents lie hidden. With his mother's connivance, he managed to get some lessons on the violin, and in 1844, after successfully conducting some of his father's waltzes at a soiree in one of the suburbs of Vienna, he determined to devote himself to music. When his father died Johann succeeded to his position as conductor of the Strauss Band, and at the head of this famous combination visited the principal cities of Europe and America.—Our portrait is by Julius Gerstinger, Vienna.

The Rev. Luke Rivington, who died suddenly last week, was one of the ablest preachers in the Roman Catholic Church in England. He was the son of the late Mr. Francis Rivington, of the well-known publishing house, and was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he obtained honours in classical moderations in 1859 and in the final classical school in 1861. After being ordained as a priest of the Church of England he joined the Society of St. John the Evangelist, better known as the Cowley Fathers. About eleven years ago he seceded from the Anglican Church and embraced the Roman Catholic faith. After going through a theological course in Rome he was ordained priest in 1889, and, returning to London, was attached to St. James's Church, Manchester Square. Father Rivington, besides being a popular preacher, also championed the

cause of Roman Catholicism with his pen, and wrote much on historical and doctrinal subjects.—Our portrait is by Ball, Regent Street.

On both sides of the House of Commons the sudden death of Dr. Robert Wallace will be deeply regretted. Genial, shrewd, and witty, he was popular with all sections. Dr. Wallace was stricken down with sudden illness when speaking in the House on Monday night, and died next morning in Westminster Hospital. Dr. Wallace was born in 1831, and was educated at Geddes Institution, Culross, the High School, Edinburgh, and at the Universities of St. Andrews and Edinburgh. At the outset of his career he entered the Presbyterian Ministry, becoming successively Minister of Newton-upon-Ayr in 1857, Minister of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh, in 1860, Examiner in Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews in 1866, and Minister of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, in 1868. In the following year Glasgow University made him D.D., and in 1872 he became Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh. Dr. Wallace quitted the Ministry in 1876 when he became editor of the *Scotsman*. He held that post for four years. In 1883 he was called to the Bar. He was first returned to the House of Commons in 1886, when he defeated Mr. Goschen in East Edinburgh.—Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Eaker Street.

Mr. Frank Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, died suddenly on Sunday. Mr. Thomson joined the Company's workshops in 1858, and after filling several important posts, succeeded the late Mr. G. B. Roberts as President of the Company in February, 1897.



On President Loubet's arrival at the Auteuil racecourse last Sunday a demonstration of great violence burst forth. The President was hailed with yells and shouts of "Panama," "A bas Loubet," "Vive l'Armée." During the second race the demonstration became even more violent, and an attack, which seems to have been organised, was made on the Presidential box. The police interfered, and a regular fight took

place, in the course of which Count Christiani actually touched M. Loubet's hat with his stick. Several arrests were made, the prisoners being for the most part men of birth and education well known in Society. On Monday the prisoners were removed to Central Police Station in six police vans. The incident has aroused much indignation, and universal regret has been expressed at the event.

THE DISGRACEFUL ROWDYISM AT THE AUTEUIL RACES: THE ATTACK ON THE PRESIDENT

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.



SENOR SARASATE, THE SPANISH VIOLINIST, WHO HAS JUST CONCLUDED A VISIT TO LONDON

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL.





"'This fellow,' said I, in my best Sicilian, 'is inclined to be contumacious; he must be brought to his senses. Have you a sharp knife about you?' Nasaccio grinned and drew from his waistband a formidable weapon"

## AMONG THIEVES

By W. E. NORRIS. Illustrated by RALPH PEACOCK

### CHAPTER III.

Soon after daybreak, therefore, Signor Soldato, *alias* Guercio, and Professor Abbattucci, set forth for Marsala, armed with sundry written instructions which bore the honoured (alas! it was only too true to be honoured) signature of Augustus Bates. He did not, he willingly informed me at parting, anticipate any difficulty in collecting the cash, and indeed I was aware that there would be none. It would be a question of two or three days; perhaps, at the outside, of a week; in any case, he did not intend to return and set me free without it. This he explained in a language addressed to his followers, parts of which were intelligible to my attentive ears. He wound up by enjoining upon them (for my benefit) in clear and emphatic Italian that I was to be treated with the utmost care and consideration during his absence.

Well, consideration is, of course, a relative term. I daresay these rascallions did the best they could for me in the way of diet and sleeping accommodation, during the long seven days which preceded their chief's departure; but their best was very far removed from being good. We shifted our camp several times, in consequence, I presume to instructions, which entailed a great deal of apparently aimless fatigue; we did not get much to eat, and what we did get was so revoltingly redolent of garlic that only the sauce of extreme hunger could have rendered it tolerable to a northern palate. On the other hand, I am bound to admit that my guardians took the most conscientious care of me. If there had been in my mind any lurking project of a second dash for freedom, I should speedily have recognised its futility. The fact, however, is that I no longer contemplated anything of that sort. Liberty may be sweet, but revenge is sweeter, and I began to think that I could see my way to rewarding the astute Guercio after a fashion which would be well worth some unavoidable pecuniary loss. I have mentioned that his farewell oration was less incomprehensible to me than he had doubtless meant it to be; I might have added that that portion of it which dealt with figures made me practically certain that he had twice over proclaimed the amount of my ransom as twenty-five thousand *lire*. I took note of the above suspicious inaccuracy; also, as time went on, I took note of other circumstances which promised to turn out of advantage to me. I do not mean to say that I understood the half or the quarter of what my criminal associates muttered to one another beside the camp-fire in the evenings; but I did manage to get at the meaning of occasional

significant words and sentences; and indeed there is nothing like a combination of wrath and fear for stimulating the alert intelligence. So, little by little, I gathered (and uncommonly glad I was to gather it) that the great Guercio was in command of a force whose loyalty might readily be converted into insubordination. His first lieutenant, a tall, sulky-looking miscreant who went by the name of Nasaccio—probably in graceful allusion to the most prominent of his features—was obviously disaffected and jealous of him; I soon perceived that in this fellow I had, ready to my hand, a possible and powerful ally. The good Nasaccio, it was plain enough, not only distrusted his able leader, but was trying hard to sow the seeds of distrust amongst the rank and file, and he seemed to be meeting with some measure of success. So, as soon as my acquaintance with the dialect—it is extraordinary how quickly one can familiarise one's self with barbarous dialects when one has only one's wits to depend upon, and when so much depends upon them—enabled me to request a private interview with him upon matters of moment to us both, I made the necessary overtures and was accorded the solicited privilege. I should say that frequent messages had been transmitted to us from Marsala in the course of our wanderings, and that we were now expecting from one day to another to hail our returning chief with his money bags—or rather with mine.

"Do you," I blandly inquired, "really believe that, having got the money, he will come up here to divide it with you?"

Nasaccio scowled and replied that he had better.

I shook my head. "*Caro amico mio*," I rejoined, "you are too simple and too confiding. For my part I am very sure that Signor Guercio will never see your faces again, except under compulsion. Do you not know—if you do not, I can answer for the fact—that his one desire is to win Signora Cecchina, with whom he is ridiculously in love? He is now in possession of a large sum of money—no less than 25,000 *lire*, I believe—"

Nasaccio made a surly sign of assent.

"A very large sum of money!" I sighed. "It was mine; it is his; can you imagine that any part of it will ever be yours? No, indeed! You may rely upon it that, unless you take prompt measures to secure his person, he and his future wife will lose no time in setting sail from Marsala, and that they will take my fortune—*or*, if you prefer to call it so, your fortune—with them. To-morrow, if I did not mistake what I heard you say last night, you are to meet him between this and Cecchina's farm. Be advised by me and meet him before he reaches the farm. In point of fact, I

think it would be prudent if the whole lot of us were to meet him; for it is tolerably certain that he will be armed."

Nasaccio was, I suppose, a peasant; he had the hard-headed shrewdness and suspicion which characterise his class all the world over. "What have you to gain by befriending us?" he pertinently inquired.

"Surely," I replied, "you must see that my most ardent wish is to turn my back upon you and your comrades for ever. Now, I feel no certainty at all that you would allow me to depart in peace without having made a single *soldo* out of me. Suppose Guercio decamps—as I am persuaded that he will, unless you intercept him—with the whole booty in his pocket? What would you do to me then?"

"You will see what we shall do to you," answered the ruffian with an ugly grin.

"*Mille grazie!*" said I; "I am not anxious to make the discovery, and for that reason I am exceedingly anxious that your leader should fail to defraud you. For the rest, he is a traitor, and I have no sympathy with traitors. I may be mistaken, but I cannot help thinking that there is somebody else who would be glad enough to prove him a traitor. Especially if at the same time there was money to be made out of an act of justice."

Nasaccio evidently feared his chief as much as he hated him. It was not without considerable further parley that I induced the fellow to decide upon a bold stroke, which might not impossibly cost him his life. In the long run, however, jealousy and cupidity, supplemented by my eloquence, got the better of him, and an inflammatory speech was delivered to his subordinates which at once insured their co-operation in our design. The absent are always in the wrong, and Guercio, clever and successful though he had been, had fallen into the mistake of constantly absenting himself during his brilliant tenure of office.

The consequence was that, on the following day, I, Augustus Bates, a peaceful citizen of London, accomplished the truly remarkable feat of waylaying a brigand and holding him to ransom. As may be imagined, I was terribly nervous about the business; for it was quite upon the cards that the man might have been imprudent enough to bring the money with him—not to speak of the chance of his shooting me dead before his arms could be tied behind his back—but the event justified my most sanguine anticipations. We caught him close to the very spot, where I myself had been caught by him; he wore the same disguise that he had

worn on that occasion; he was too much taken aback to offer any resistance, and his pockets, when emptied, were found to contain the comparatively trifling sum of fifty *lire* and a few odd coppers. He had, of course, a good deal to say for himself; but his volubility was, at my suggestion, checked by a gag being thrust into his mouth, and I then proceeded to address him in my own language.

"Signor Soldato," said I, "I am sorry to be compelled to recognise in you an unmitigated scamp. Whatever excuse there may have been, according to your code, for robbing and deceiving me, you must admit that honour should be observed even amongst thieves. How could you be so base as to offer these poor beggars a mere sixth of the sum which you had extorted from me? How could you find it in your conscience to deprive them even of that paltry dole, and to leave them to wreak their vengeance upon your benefactor? But it is a waste of time to ask questions to which you could make no satisfactory reply if your tongue were free, and rolling your eyes at me will not help you. You will now be taken back to camp, where you will remain in strict imprisonment until twenty-five thousand *lire* have been duly distributed amongst your amiable comrades. I may add that you will have to write instructions in English for the balance of 5,000*l.*, which I have no doubt stands in your name at the bank, to be returned to its lawful owner. You and I will then be simultaneously liberated; but the gag will not be removed from your mouth, if I know it, until we are safely at the Calatafimi railway station. Of course I lose 1,000*l.* by the transaction; but that appears to be unavoidable, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that, at all events, you will derive no profit from my loss. If you agree to these terms, be so good as to wink your right eye. In the event of your failing to do so, I shall be under the painful necessity of giving orders for you to be docked of your right ear."

As his eyelid remained immovable, I beckoned to Nasaccio, who evidently had not overcome his fear of his former master, and who, much to my amusement, had been staring at me ever since the capture with a sort of awestruck admiration.

"This fellow," said I, in my best Sicilian, "is inclined to be contumacious; he must be brought to his senses. Have you a sharp knife about you?"

Nasaccio grinned and drew from his waistband a formidable weapon, at the sight of which our prisoner winked vigorously.

"That will do," I loftily announced, waving the would-be instrument of justice aside; "he accepts our conditions, and he can be hoisted into the saddle as soon as you please."

#### CHAPTER IV.

I MUST say that I thoroughly enjoyed the sensation of being a temporary leader of banditti, and Nasaccio seemed to be quite willing to take orders from me. I suppose he knew that I could not possibly bolt, while he may have thought that I was better qualified than he to deal with the redoubtable and wily Guercio. So it was I who gave the signal for our upward march, and it was I who, when we arrived at Cecchina's farm, called a halt. I was naturally anxious to ascertain how much the little woman knew and to see how she would be affected by the surprise which we had in store for her.

I afterwards learned that she knew nothing beyond the fact that Cesare Soldato had decided, for love of her, to abandon his lawless career, and that he was coming up from Marsala to make certain proposals to her, to which he hoped that she would not be so cruel as to turn a deaf ear. As for the effect produced upon her by a spectacle which ought to have been eminently satisfactory to any right-minded person, I am sorry to say that it was by no means what I had anticipated. That is the worst of women! You never know where to have them or in what direction their consistent inconsistency will break out. Cecchina, taking in the situation at a glance, flew at me like a tigress and overwhelmed me with torrents of abuse. This, then, she shrieked, was my gratitude! This was my method of rewarding her for having provided me with the means of making my escape and having betrayed the man whom she adored!—yes, adored! Why, she scornfully asked, had I not handed him over to the *carabinieri* while I was about it? Evidently, because I was a coward, because I was afraid to run away, and because treachery was more to my liking than the risk of being hit by a chance bullet. But I need not flatter myself that Guercio was to be defeated by a thick-headed Englishman! Rather than anything so disgraceful as that should happen, she herself would undertake to have the whole band safely lodged in gaol before a week was out!

She whisked round upon Nasaccio and his mates, flinging furious sentences at them, the upshot of which—as far as I could follow her rapid utterance—was that they were a set of imbeciles to imagine that they could dispense with their chief, and that if they valued their lives and their liberty the best thing they could do was to set him free at once. I sat on my horse, waving my hands at her deprecatingly, and ejaculating "Hush!—hush!" without the smallest effect. At length—for the scowling, dubious, sheepish countenances of those highwaymen were really beginning to alarm me—I was fain to appeal to our captive.

"Look here," said I, "we must come to an understanding, or the fat will be in the fire presently. If I have the gag taken out of your mouth, will you give me your word of honour not to speak a syllable of anything but English for the next ten minutes? Favour me once more by winking that gleeful eye of yours in token of assent, and the deed shall be done."

He winked with alacrity, and the gag was removed.

"Now," I said, "for goodness sake tell that woman to shut up!"

"But she does not understand English," he objected.

I gave him leave to address her in Italian, which he promptly and passionately did. First of all he told her that he loved her more than words could express, and that he had been lifted up to Heaven by the avowal which she had just made. Then he begged her to remain silent for a few minutes, because, notwithstanding appearances, I was really his very good friend, and we were going to arrange matters together quite comfortably. At this point I had to check him, fearing lest his enthusiasm should lead him to disclose the awkward circumstance that six thousand pounds of my money lay more or less at his mercy. However, the lady, looking a little ashamed of herself, was so kind as to hold her tongue, and I drew him aside to enter upon less stormy negotiations.

"I was an ass to bring you here," I began.

"Perhaps not," he answered; "perhaps it was the wisest thing that you could have done."

"How do you make that out?" I asked.

"Well, you see, Mr. Bates, you must despatch somebody to Marsala to fetch the forty thousand *lire* you were speaking of. I am afraid you would not trust me; and I can answer for it that Nasaccio would not trust you, and there is not a man in the band who would dare to undertake such a hazardous mission. But Cecchina, who has nothing to fear from the authorities, will, I have no doubt, be willing to oblige."

"You think so? Yet I understood from you that she refused to have anything to do with robbers."

"She does not make herself the accomplice of robbers by procuring your ransom and mine for us. Moreover, you have forfeited all claim upon her indulgence by your unworthy treatment of me. I do not think that she would now object to inflicting a small fine upon you; so if you will fetch pen and paper I will at once write instructions for 75,000 *lire* to be paid to her."

"The sum required is 25,000 *lire*," I said sharply—"no more, no less."

"Oh, she will bring neither more nor less than that sum back with her; but you must perceive, dear Mr. Bates, that self-respect would forbid me to go to the altar empty-handed. Come! I am letting you off cheap, when all is said. You will save the half of what you agreed to pay."

"I like your impudence!" I exclaimed; "is it for you to dictate terms, pray, or for me? You forget that our positions are now reversed, and that I am at present running this show on behalf of Signor Nasaccio and Company. You are deposed, my good man, and unless I am very much mistaken, I could without difficulty have you executed into the bargain."

He grinned and observed that he fully appreciated the advantages which my strategy had won for me. "Still," he added, "you should bear in mind that all you can hope to effect is a compromise. You put a gag in my mouth—well and good! But you cannot help also placing writing materials at my disposition, and Nasaccio, ignorant pig though he is, can decipher figures. What is to prevent me from letting him know that I hold 150,000 *lire* of your money, and that I shall be prepared to deal liberally with him and the others—especially with him—on being reinstated as their chief?"

"Nothing, except that if you attempt to do any such thing I shall blow your brains out before you have accomplished it," I replied.

"My dear sir, you would never have the nerve to do that. You are, I do not doubt, as courageous as the average British *bourgeois* can be expected to be; but murderers are otherwise constructed and educated. Besides which, I am too well acquainted with Nasaccio to believe that he would trust you with fire-arms. Let us be reasonable, and look facts in the face. To some extent, I acknowledge that you have the whip hand of me; for, of course, I must either reveal everything or nothing, and I should deplore enriching these mutinous fools almost as much as you would. *Per contra*, your choice lies between the loss of 6,000*l.* and 3,000*l.* You do not, indeed, risk even the actual loss of the latter sum, since I should regard two-thirds of it as a loan, to be repaid by annual instalments, if Fortune smiles upon me. Upon that modest capital, added to my own insignificant savings, and to the pecuniary help which my dear Cecchina will be able to afford me, I propose to turn over a new leaf and embark upon a fresh career. Political life has always attracted me, and although some people pretend that brigandage is a more healthy and honest profession, it is, perhaps, not quite so well suited to married men. Now, Mr. Bates, what do you say?"

I wonder what I ought to have said. As a matter of fact, my revolver had not been restored to me, nor was I likely to recover possession of it; half a loaf is better than no bread, and if my victory was not complete, it nevertheless remained a victory. Upon the whole, I believe I acted wisely in grasping the expensive olive-branch which I was offered. At all events, I did grasp it; our little comedy was resumed, and Guercio—to all appearance sulky and chap-fallen—was once more taken into custody, after having duly signed and delivered to Cecchina a document which she hastened to thrust into her pocket.

Twenty-four hours later Nasaccio (who, by the way, fell into the hands of the authorities before the year was out, and was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment) had the double satisfaction of receiving a bundle of greasy bank-notes and dismissing his former leader. Upon me he bestowed a parting embrace, which was not very pleasant, but to which it seemed prudent to submit, and I marched out, so to speak, with the honours of war. At Calatafimi I took leave of Signor Soldato and his betrothed, obvious considerations rendering it imperative upon them to make for Messina forthwith. Although one of them was so kind as to say he bore me no ill-will (the idea of harbouring ill-will against a man who has just given you 1,000*l.* and lent you a further 2,000*l.* without shadow of security!) the other—so unaccountable are the ways of the female sex—was quite rude and snappish in her valedictory remarks.

"I consider," she had the audacity to declare, "that we owe you nothing. From pure love of honesty, I gave you a chance to escape and retain your money. Instead of profiting by it, you chose to turn brigand yourself; so that you are no better than Cesare was in his worst days, which are now at an end, thanks be to Heaven! It is no thanks to you that he is still at large; for your blundering stupidity might easily have brought the *carabinieri* down upon you. *Dio mio!* is it permitted to play such tricks?"

It is not, I suppose, permitted to play them without paying for them, and I need scarcely add that the trifling loan with which I had accommodated the future member, for I forget what Italian urban constituency, was never repaid. Public life in Italy, as well as in other countries which might be named, is apt to prove terribly demoralising.

When the Vice-Consul and the Marsala wine merchants and the skipper of the *Chiquila* inquired what had become of good Professor Abbattucci, I replied that he had sailed for Naples. They would have been sure to laugh at me if I had told them the whole truth, and I was not, at the moment, in a mood to enjoy being chaffed. The famous Guercio—so I learned subsequently by a newspaper telegram—was slain in the heroic encounter which brought about the dispersion of his band and the capture of his lieutenant Nasaccio. I daresay Signor Soldato, when he heard the news, congratulated the government of the day upon this triumph for the cause of law and order in a disturbed quarter of the kingdom.

THE END.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN LITTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE delightful summer weather which we are now enjoying—I sincerely trust we shall not be plunged into the dismal gloom of winter again before these lines appear—makes one wonder if the London Season might be changed from summer to winter. In these days of railways and rapid communication when, by means of shooting and hunting might be well accomplished from any part of the country, such a change were ever brought about you may be sure that June and July would be the months selected for holidays. I am not to name May, but May, concerning which all parties are divided without let or hindrance, has so often proved deceptive that it must be left entirely out of the question. Indeed, last May was so badly altogether that henceforth it must be considered as the very pecksniff of months. But this by the way. I was going to expatiate on the advantages of taking your holiday in June or July. You have the country at its freshest, you have it in all their greatest beauty of foliage, and you have the weather, which are of especial advantage to you in your rural walks. If the London Season were to be in winter and the selection were to arrange that their vacations should commence early in the year, from the vast correspondence I had on that subject some time ago I am sure it would be widely appreciated—there is no doubt that the present period would be the popular one for holiday-making. The only thing against it is that London is just now looking so dreary and beautiful that one would be sorry to run away from it.

Probably the inventor of the penny post had no idea that his project would contribute to our social worries, or he would probably have left his scheme undeveloped. Who the inventor of the open halfpenny envelope was, I believe, is not known. He wisely kept in the background. Probably his conscience is troubling him all over for having so largely contributed to the miseries of existence. Among the penny post nuisances are those people who are utterly unknown to you, but who write for special information on a subject with which you happen to be particularly well acquainted—indeed, it not infrequently happens that you are the only person who can give them the information they require. You take a vast deal of trouble and spend no little time in order to ensure the accuracy of your facts, and write a long letter giving the fullest details on the subject. And what do you suppose is the consequence? An immediate reply thanking you most heartily for all the trouble you have taken? Nothing of the kind. Your letter is never acknowledged, and you receive no thanks whatever. Of course the common-sense view of the subject is that you should never dream of replying to such communications, but should at once consign them to the waste-paper basket, and I am by no means sure that the common-sense view is not the right one.

"Blow me tight, Bill, if you don't look quite smart and class!" This phrase may be somewhat inelegant, but it was exactly what one bus conductor said yesterday to another who was sporting a straw hat. And if we look around at newly thatched mankind which the warm weather has brought out recently, we may come to the conclusion that the conductor's criticism, though somewhat forcible, is undoubtedly true. The straw hat would appear to be a generally becoming head-dress. Commonplace people acquire an air of distinction, and distinguished-looking men seem to gain an extra step in the social scale in relinquishing the topper in favour of the straw. I beg leave to state that I have no interest whatever in the straw hat trade, but I cannot help admitting since the advent of the hot weather the crowds in the London streets have undoubtedly become "smart and classy."

A year or two ago, in speaking of the Hotel Russell, now approaching completion in Russell Square—I ventured to remark the absurd custom of following the French fashion in the language of putting the cart before the horse. A recent correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* calls further attention to the matter, and gives a startling instance in the title given to a gigantic building in Marylebone which has been christened the Great Central. This, I think, sufficiently demonstrates the absurdity of a very foolish custom. But after all the custom most part obtains on the large gilt lettering of the hotel itself in the heading of its bills. It is a simple eccentricity, which does no one any harm. As a matter of fact, the British public, with its strong common sense, refuses to adopt the new fashion. You hear everyone talk of the "Cecil," the "Metropolitan," "Victoria," and hotel is entirely omitted either before or after the way, there is a lamentable lack of invention and originality in the titles of all our modern hotels. We are far behind our ancestors in these matters. Some years ago I suggested a title for one of these vast buildings "John Bull," and another "Vanity Fair." Now what do you say to "The Bystander" as a title for a comfortable well-appointed hostelry? I have more titles equally good in stock. Prices may be had on application.

By the way the rendering of French idioms into literal English, which, perhaps, was rather amusing when first introduced in comic papers many years ago—has become somewhat tiresome. How weary one becomes of the everlasting perversion of the French *sans dire* into "That goes without saying." So frequently used that I believe many people think it is a quotation from an antique and illiterate author who flourished long before the Christian era. The original French is good and expressive, but the bald translation is both inelegant and ungrammatical. The idea is to be divorced from its original language, there is no difficulty whatever in finding an equivalent for it in the English tongue.



# "Place aux James"

BY VIOLET GREVILLE

It was a week of races; it will be a week of races. Everything has changed everything. Times that the Derby was attended solely by men, and Appy Ampton as a mania, now decrees that shall be present everywhere. Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, and at the week-end meetings of Kempton Park and Sandown. We keep racehorses now; we breed horses, and women are largely some of them. They are with commission agents, alias bookmakers, and wire their wagers before the races, just like men. They "plunge," too, just like men, and have a bad time, and their debts paid sometimes by their husbands or their friends, or the men. A certain contingent of women in Society attend all the racing meetings and know all about the racing stables. Owners of horses used to give tips to ladies from good nature, and under the impression that they could not spoil the markets; now they are growing chary of their confidences, for women bet high, and do not always hold their tongues. Tod Sloan's principal supporters in all his mounts last year were women, and they managed to win a good deal, but the ill success of the Derby jockey this year has well-nigh frightened them.

This is the time for bazaars. The announcements of ever new ones under Royal patronage (Royal patronage being now a drug in the market) reach us every day. Most of the people who hold stalls, buy and sell, and display lovely toilettes, care nothing at all for the charity, but it affords an opportunity for wearing new frocks and imagining one's self philanthropic and busy. The Charing Cross Bazaar promises to be one of the successes of the season. Every great lady has been enlisted in its cause, and each country—Scotland, England, and Ireland—is to wear a distinctive colour. Scotland has chosen mauve and Ireland blue (strange to say), and a good deal of difficulty and heartburning naturally arises, as colours and dresses that suit young girls do not always equally appeal to their more elderly mammas.

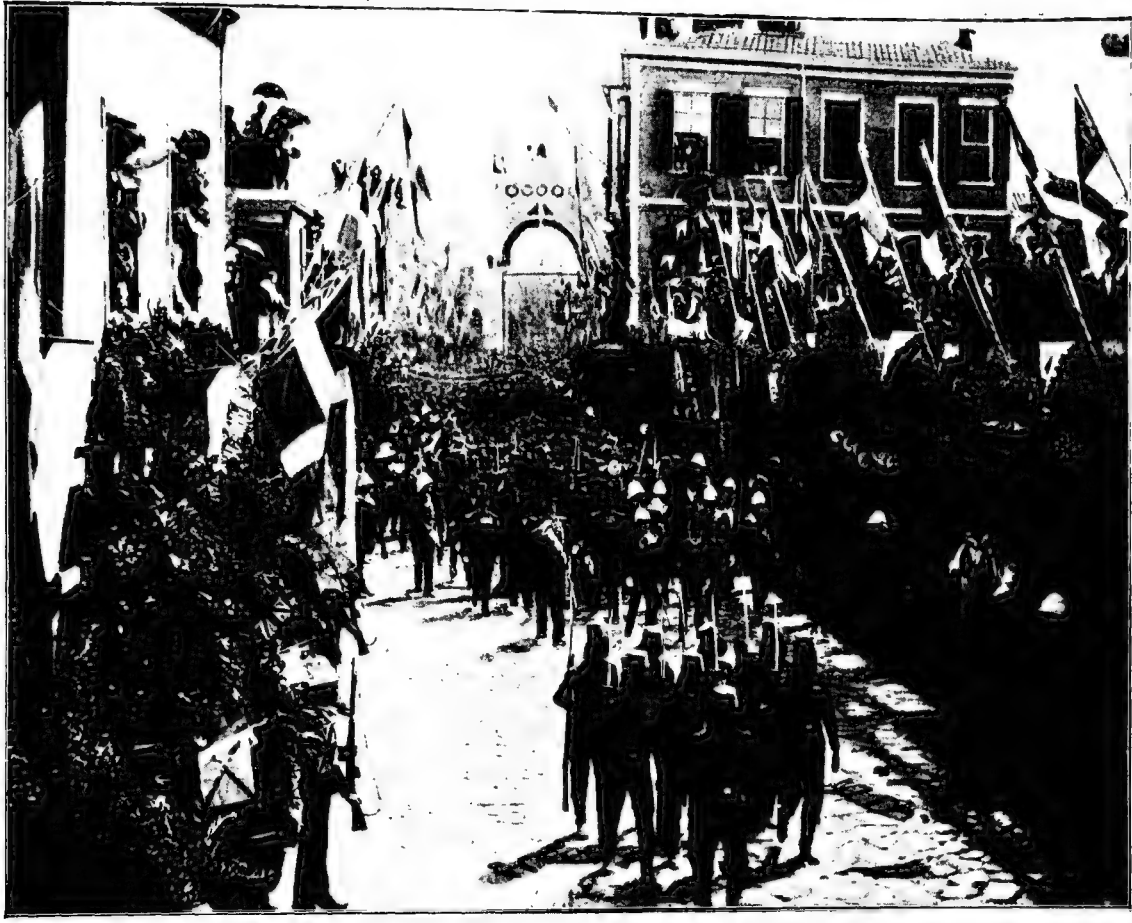
Another novelty is the driving of four-in-hands by ladies. A few

years ago such a sight was unknown; now we have Lady Warwick, Lady Curzon, Mrs. Mackey, and a host of minor luminaries all following suit. Four-in-hand driving, however, can only be indulged in by women with a very perfect and well-drilled team; no woman could really manage and hold an unruly quartette. But few celebrated old whips could ever do this, and the muscles and arms of an ordinary woman are totally unequal to the strain. Still, under certain circumstances, it gives pleasure to the driver, if less to the nervous occupants that sit behind. The pace, too, must necessarily be slow and cautious; galloping a team driven by women cannot be thought of. Yet it was just these daring feats that fraught the old coaching days with excitement and intense interest. The lives of the passengers were in the hands of the coachman, and both he and they knew it.

What terrible moments the mothers and wives of sailors must have passed in the old days when neither the telegraph nor steam were invented! Even now sailing ships in the merchant service do not touch between Australia and England, and thus months elapse without communication between parents and the sailors on board. The Marquis of Graham, who comes of age in August, and has a

and eyes, that she may come as near as can be to anticipate your wants, is to comprehend a great part of the comforts of an English home." Add to this Mr. Whiteing's description of a man-servant as "soft-spoken, with a manner that might qualify for the government of States; twenty years of a service that is perfect discretion, and never a hasty word with his betters," and one can perhaps realise why Americans like to come and live in England.

Open-air concerts in lanes and alleys for the poor, have met with immense success in Liverpool. It is an experiment that might with advantage be tried in London, where half the misery of life lies in its sordid monotony. Three concerts are given in the summer evenings, notoriously the most drunken time in the slums, and during the performance of the music all the persons of the vicinity attend, peace reigns, and there is no drunkenness. Surely a potent argument in their favour. Even the poorest and most wretched seem to enjoy violin and mandolin solos, sentimental and sacred songs, while glees and patriotic ditties stir the impulses of the crowd into fervent enthusiasm. The only needs are a ready-made portable platform, a piano, and a rope to tie across the court, and prevent the people from pressing too closely against the platform. Chairs are always provided by the inhabitants of the court. The scheme seems a simple and practical one, and has been in use in Liverpool, Birmingham, and Wolverhampton since 1897.



Prince George's visit to Kandia, which had been eagerly looked forward to by the population for several months, gave occasion for a remarkable display of enthusiasm. The behaviour of the Mahomedans was admirable, many of them being demonstrative in their welcome, while all offered the Prince a respectful greeting. Our illustration shows the Prince's arrival at Kandia. The central figure in the procession is Sir Herbert Charmside, on his right is the Prince, while Sir A. Billotti, the British Consul, is on the left. Our photograph is by J. Gibbons

THE TOUR OF PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE IN CRETE: HIS VISIT TO KANDIA



Enormous crowds filled the streets of Madrid on the day of the funeral of Señor Castelar. Our illustration, which is from a photograph by M. Company, Madrid, shows the procession on its way from the Chamber of Deputies to the cemetery to San Isidro, passing the Plaza de Madrid. As the procession crossed the Prado the Jesuits were hooted, and outside the Ministry of Finance cries were raised of "Long live the Republic!" At the entrance to the cemetery attempts were made by the crowds to force their way in, and several scuffles with the police ensued. The interment finally took place at 8 p.m.

THE FUNERAL OF SENOR CASTELAR: THE PROCESSION PASSING THE PLAZA DE MADRID

Mr. Justice Meredith Lord Justice Fitzgibbon Mr. Justice Ross Lord Morris, Lord of Appeal in Ordinary Mr. Justice Gibson Mr. Justice Kenny



Mr. Justice Boyd Lord Justice Holmes Lord Justice Walker Lord Ashbourne (Lord Chancellor) The Master of the Rolls Mr. Justice Andrews Mr. Justice Madden

### SOME WELL-KNOWN IRISH JUDGES

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin

#### The Irish Bench

THE accompanying photograph is of almost unique interest, containing as it does portraits of thirteen judges out of the total of eighteen who compose the Irish Bench. It was taken at a reception given by the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Ashbourne. Of the eighteen, twelve were educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and all but one or two are of Irish birth. Mr. Edward Gibson, who was created Lord Ashbourne in 1885, was born in 1837. He had a very distinguished career at the University, being First Gold Medallist in history, English literature, and political science. From January, 1877, to 1880 he was Attorney-General for Ireland, and was M.P. for Dublin University from 1875 to 1885. In the latter year he was made Lord Chancellor of Ireland, with a seat in the Cabinet. The Conservatives went out of office in January, 1886, and when they returned again in the following July Lord Ashbourne again filled the post of Lord Chancellor. He has occupied the same office in the present Cabinet since its formation.

The Irish Master of the Rolls is the Right Hon. Andrew Marshall Porter, who was Solicitor-General for Ireland from 1881 to 1882, and Attorney-General from 1882 to 1883, when he was made Master of the Rolls. He was born in 1837. Lord Morris, who was made a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, and a Life Peer in 1889, is seventy-two years old. After a brilliant career at Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Bar in 1849, and became Q.C. in 1863. He has filled the offices of Solicitor-General and Attorney-General, and was Lord Chief Justice of Ireland from 1887 to 1889. The Appeal Court in Ireland is ordinarily composed of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice (Sir Peter O'Brien), the Master of the Rolls, and the Lord Chief Baron (the Right Hon. Christopher Palles) who sit *ex-officio*, and of the three following Judges, Lords Justices Fitz-Gibbon, Walker, and Holmes. The Lord Chief Baron, however, was, in 1897, transferred to the Queen's Bench Division. Lord Justice FitzGibbon will be sixty-two this year, Lord Justice Walker sixty-seven, and Lord Justice Holmes is fifty-nine. The President of the

Queen's Bench Division, the Lord Chief Justice, is not included in the group. Coming to the other Judges of the High Court, Mr. Justice Andrews, who is sixty-six, presides over the Probate and Matrimonial Branch; Mr. Justice Boyd, who is sixty-six, sits in the Bankruptcy Court; Mr. Justice Gibson, one of the Queen's Bench Division Judges, is only fifty-three years of age, while Mr. Justice Johnson, who is Judge of the Admiralty Division, is seventy-one. Mr. Justice Kenny, who it will be remembered was formerly M.P. for St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin, was made a Judge of the High Court in 1897. He is fifty-three years of age. Mr. Justice Madden, who was born in 1840 and made a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division in 1862, is also an additional Land Judge for the purposes of the Local Registration of Title Act. Mr. Justice Meredith, who is only forty-four years old, was appointed a Judge last year, and is the Judicial Commissioner of the Irish Land Commission. Mr. Justice Ross, who is also a young man for a Judge, being only forty-four this year, sits in the Chancery Division as Land Judge.



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

The men of the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the old 87th Foot, have been engaged lately in building barracks for themselves at Khartum. An Egyptian officer superintended the native labour that was employed to assist in the work. Our illustration shows the camp of the 87th on the Blue Nile. In the centre

of the picture are two men carrying mud in a basket made of palm leaf matting, while in the background one of the succession of "lifts," by which the water is brought from the river

FROM A SKETCH BY H. H. W.

### THE BRITISH TROOPS IN KHARTUM; BUILDING NEW BARRACKS



# EVENTS IN PARIS



M. MARCEL HABERT REPLYING TO COUNSEL

Out of evil cometh good, and there are not wanting signs that the "Affaire Dreyfus" is going to be productive of a general sweeping out of the dark corners. MM. Déroulède and Marcel Habert, once made ridiculous, will find it hard to be taken seriously any more. The buffoon, once he has the hall-mark of buffoonery placed on him by the Government, is a negligible quantity in practical politics, and though the President of the Assize Court is being called to account for the scandalous scenes which took place at the poor patriot's trial, no one of any moment maintains that the scornful refusal to make a fanatic into a martyr was anything but the best way of treating the matter. So M. Déroulède has gone his way protesting, like a naughty little boy to his nurse, that he won't be good, and naughty little boys are already forgotten in the excitement of Marchand's arrival and the attack on the President. M. Marchand, intrepid explorer and fervent speaker, has disappointed those on the Right side of the Chamber, who, confident that the country is full of agitation, declare that it only awaits a man. M. Loubet and M. Dupuy, in the interval of waiting, seem to be very excellent substitutes for this man, and their strong action will do more to make France respected at this juncture than any Boulevard hero. Possibly they see, even at the eleventh hour, that their only salvation, and the only salvation for France, lies in grasping the Dreyfus nettle boldly. Too many have approached it gingerly, been stung for their pains, and retired lamenting. Be this as it may, the scandalous attack on the President at the



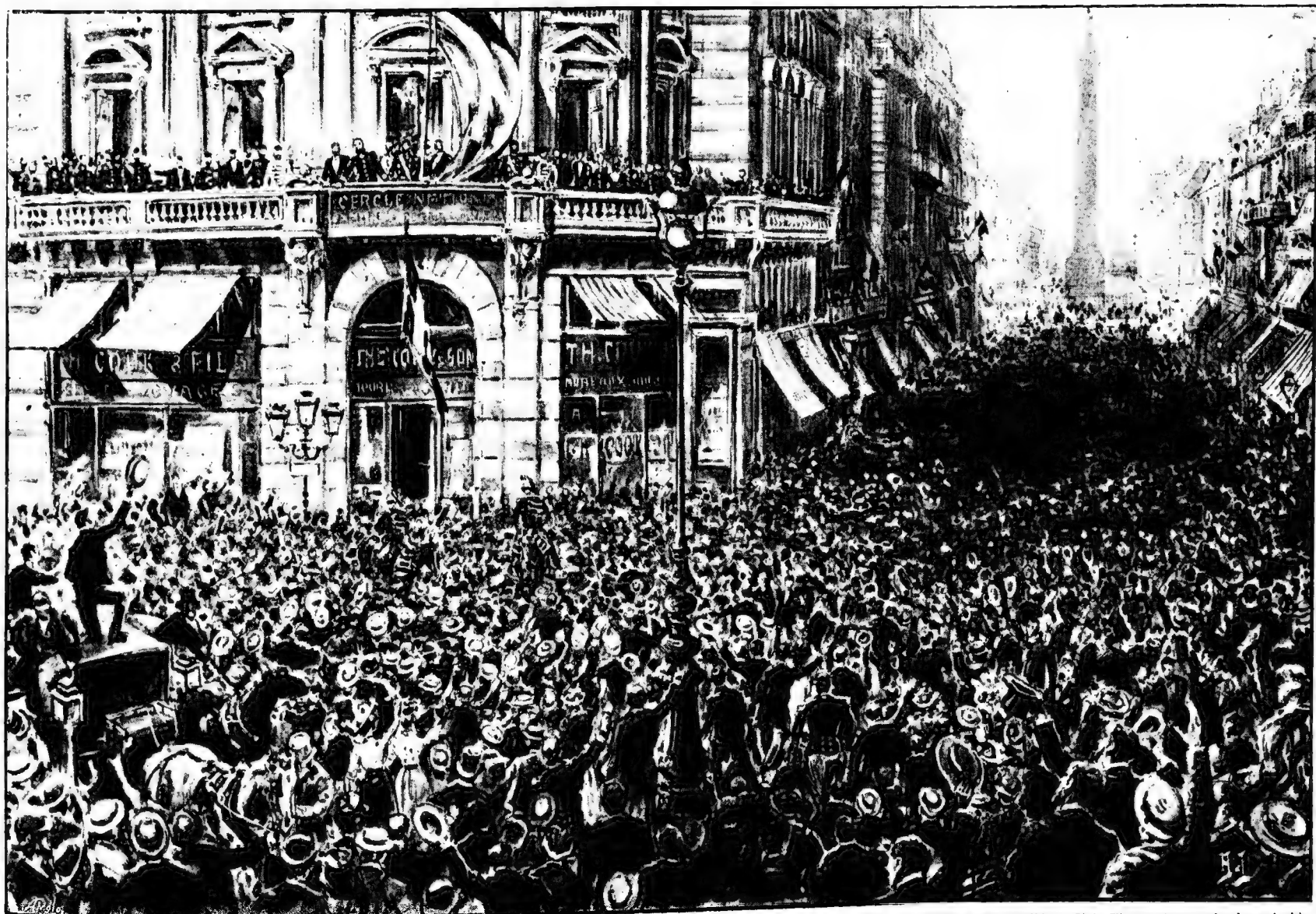
M. DÉROULÈDE MAKING HIS STATEMENT

## THE ATTEMPTED COUP D'ETAT IN PARIS: THE ACCUSED IN COURT

FROM SKETCHES BY PAUL RENOUARD

racés at Auteuil, whither he had gone by invitation, has not merely failed of its purpose, but it has vastly strengthened the hands of the powers and stimulated the growing revulsion of feeling. General Mercier about to be arraigned, General Pellieux under suspicion, the doughty Esterhazy showing his teeth like a rat in a corner, and wanting to rend

attempted to bring it from the stable. That same common sense which characterised his conduct in the Fashoda crisis has served him well. He withdrew then, he has withdrawn now to his country home, and proved himself to be a sensible as well as a gallant man. The end is not yet, but the most encouraging sign is that France in her hour of need



The demonstration in Paris on the return of Major Marchand is the most enthusiastic that has been witnessed of late years. From eight o'clock a crowd of 30,000 people filled the Place de l'Opéra singing the "Marseillaise," shouting "Vive l'Armée," and cheering for Marchand. The excitement reached a climax at

about nine, when the Major appeared on the balcony of the Military Club. The people seemed to be mad with enthusiasm. They cheered for ten minutes without stopping. When at length there came a lull the explorer leaned over the balcony and shouted "Pour la patrie, soyons unis! Vive la France!"

## THE RETURN OF MAJOR MARCHAND TO PARIS: THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE CERCLE MILITAIRE CHEERING THE EXPLORER

DRAWN BY H. LANOS

has been able to produce the right men, and in the opinion of every civilised country, first, the decision of the Cour de Cassation, and since then the action of President Loubet and M. Dupuy has created confidence in her once more. If, in the vigorous sweeping which is likely to come, a few generals, a few Quesnay de Beaurepaires, a few Esterhazys are dislodged, they must retire like gamblers with the best grace they can.

Among the portraits which we publish are pre-eminently some few of the gallant little band who for years have been working at and undermining the tangled accumulation of lies, subterfuges, misrepresentations, and forgeries. "Do all in the world you can to find the true culprit," wrote the unfortunate victim of the conspiracy to his wife on the eve of his exile; "never relax your efforts for a moment. It is my only hope." Hopeless enough these efforts by Madame Dreyfus and her friends seemed at one time, but at last they are bearing fruit. There is M. Scheurer-Kestner, for instance, Vice-President of the Senate, and an Alsatian countryman of Dreyfus. He it was who declared to General Billot that Esterhazy wrote the famous *bordereau*, and that he could produce letters by Esterhazy which bore out his opinion. There is Colonel Picquart, formerly head of the Intelligence Department, and still confined in the Cherche Midi prison for his temerity in trying to exonerate Dreyfus to the General Staff, after his discoveries forced him to the conclusion that Esterhazy was the traitor. There is M. Zola, who last January published his famous "*J'accuse*" indictment of all concerned in the conviction of Dreyfus, which, however little it may have seemed so at the time, undoubtedly set *la verité en marche*. M. Zola's satisfaction with the result of his trials and tedious exile he has shown in an article entitled "Justice!" in the *Aurore*, an article which fitly caps his famous indictment. He went into exile not to flee from the justice of his country but to gain time, opposed procedure with procedure, and prevent the extinction of the feeble glimmer of light which was increasing every day. "I desire neither applause nor reward," he writes, now that justice is being done and the truth breaking out. "If it is thought that I have deserved it my reward will consist in thinking of the innocent man whom I have assisted in taking from the tomb. If the present struggle is at an end for me I do not desire any spoils of victory. I do not wish for political power, for place, or for honours." In conclusion, M. Zola declares that some things must necessarily be sanctioned. If a blow is not struck at the guilty in high places the mass of the people will never believe in the enormity of the crime, and imperative is it he thinks that Colonel Picquart should be liberated immediately. There is M. Reinach, the well-known member of the Dreyfus syndicate, to whom Lemercier-Picard, the forger, brought the letter, which, in order to aid Esterhazy, whose Court-Martial was coming on, he had forged purporting to come from a German diplomat to Esterhazy. But M. Reinach refused to fall into the trap, whereupon Lemercier-Picard took it on to M. Rochefort of the *Intransigeant*, who bought it, and then charged M. Reinach and the Syndicate with having manufactured it. M. Reinach recovered damages for libel; Lemercier-Picard disappeared, and was found by the police dead in an attic, hanging by a noose. A short time before his death he confessed to Reinach "that he had acted by order, that he was not the author of the fraud, but the instrument of a scandalous machination," mentioning du Paty and Henry. Lastly, there are those thorns in the flesh of the anti-Revisionists, the two deputies MM. Jaurès and Clémenceau, who have never wavered in their faith, and from the beginning have given their restless energies to breaking up the conspiracy of silence.

The few prominent members of the Opposition are too well known to require much comment. General Mercier was the Minister of War who advised the Military Governor of Paris to conduct an inquiry into the case of Captain Alfred Dreyfus. He seems to have made up his mind at once as to the victim's guilt, and throughout has supported the conviction. In the face of the accusation now held before him he maintains a studious reserve. Colonel Henry, an unfortunate victim to loyalty to his superiors, will go down to history as the man who thought his duty included the concoction of forgeries when required for the bolstering up of weak cases, and atoned for his error with his life. Colonel du Paty de Clam, now under arrest, is the officer who conducted the preliminary inquiry, and who subsequently regaled the world with a melodramatic account of his nocturnal visits to Dreyfus' cell, his making the unfortunate man copy out the *bordereau*, and his herculean efforts to secure from him something in the nature of a confession which would confirm the Minister of War and his satellites in the judgment, which in their own minds they had already passed. Of Major Esterhazy it is difficult to say anything in a few lines. The real author of that most famous work of fiction of modern times—the *bordereau*—deserted by his friends and despised by his enemies, the gallant Major's never very



M. SCHEURER-KESTNER  
Photo by E. Pirou, Paris

bright escutcheon is now considerably tarnished. We may never know the whole truth of the Dreyfus case, but there seems little doubt that failing the prisoner of the Ile du Diable as a scapegoat, Esterhazy will have to take up the rôle. He has been tried and exonerated by his *confrères*, and so will probably escape scatheless from them, but in the most remarkable tragedy of modern times history will pillory his name with that of the man to whose sufferings he has shown a callousness almost sublime.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL PICQUART  
A Sketch from Life

THE FIRST OFFICIAL PORTRAIT OF THE PRESENT PRESIDENT of the French Republic is just finished. Since M. Thiers became the first head of the Third Republic a medal has been struck bearing each President's likeness, to be preserved in the Mint and presented to certain official personages and important visitors. M. Loubet's portrait is considered an excellent likeness. It is executed by M. Chaplain, who has already taken three Presidents—MM. Faure and Casimir Perier and Marshal MacMahon.

A NEW LIGHTHOUSE is to be erected at Beachy Head, the present structure being endangered by the crumbling away of the chalky cliff on which it stands. Not only will the new light be far stronger—75,000 candle-power, instead of 22,000—but it will be built in a better position. At present the lighthouse stands so high that it is invisible in foggy weather—just when the light is most wanted. Accordingly the new building will be placed on the foreshore, beneath the headland, where it is much less likely to be affected by fog.

Yachting for 1899

By DIXON KEMP

THE most interesting feature in connection with yachting is no doubt that of yacht-racing. It can be traced back to the early part of last century, but it was then indulged in without rules for sailing, rating for tonnage, or time. No detailed record of these early matches exist, and it would be a leap of a hundred years to find anything like a modern yacht race. "Nimrod," a sparkling writer, visited Cowes in the early days of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and recorded his experiences of yacht-racing at Cowes in *Magazine*; also *Bell's Life* took some notice of the indulgence in on the Thames and around the coast of the present century. As the number of yachts has increased, the number of regattas or matches, until, at the present moment, there is scarcely a place on the coast, or a bay, which does not have a series of regattas during the summer.

The forthcoming summer promises to be unusually brilliant, and whilst there will be several regattas, and competition there will also be a good array of old-fashioned yachts. Notably among the latter will be the *Britannia*, a very successful cutter was built in 1893 for the Prince of Wales, and during the five years she was in his possession won 1,000l., besides some cups and other prizes on which she could be put. She was not raced in 1898, but it is expected that her owner will hoist a fighting flag this coming season. It will be remembered that her rival, *Valkyrie II.*, built the same year, sunk on the Clyde in 1894 by the *Satanita*.

The *Satanita* was the largest cutter ever built in this country, but not a brilliant success as a racing yacht, although she displayed marvellous speed on occasions in strong breezes, when she was able to beat the wind. Last year her rig was changed to that of a schooner, but without conspicuous success; it should, however, be remembered that she won twelve prizes out of twelve starts in the Mediterranean this spring of the value of 1,500l., but she is a competitor worthy of her size, and sailed over for several prizes she is credited with. Another favourite with yachtsmen is the *Bona*, which, like *Britannia*, has been a very consistent winner in all kinds of breezes and on all points of sailing. She did not figure in the racing fleet last season, as her owner, the Duke of the Abruzzi, was engaged in organising a scientific expedition in the Polar regions. It is, however, said that the new owner, the Duke, will race her with the same persistency that the Duke of Devonshire has been converted into a yawl, but whether or not she will appear in the early Thames matches is a matter of uncertainty. She is bound for Kiel this week; it is expected, however, that she will directly the Baltic regattas are completed that she will sail for the Clyde or Belfast Lough, and keep with the British racing fleet until the end of the season. Possibly the *Ailsa* (now also a yawl) will be raced, as in the hands of her new owner, Mr. F. P. Harrison, she won more than a dozen prizes last season, which in all amounted to close upon 1,000l. It is not expected that the *Satanita* (the challenger for the America Cup) will be raced before she leaves for New York, and by the time she returns all the regattas will be over.

An interesting feature in our regattas will be the re-appearance of schoolers, one well-tried vessel, the *Rainbow*, having commenced to fit out; but it is to be regretted that neither the new schooner *Gleniffer* nor the American schooner *Hemp*, purchased last year by the German Emperor, will be among the schoolers' class of racers. The *Yampa* has been renamed *Funia*.

Notable among the new fifty-two footers will be the cutter *Argus*, built for Sir Seymour King, by Messrs. Summers and Co. of Southampton. It is to be regretted that the schooner of 40 tons building for Mr. J. Coats will not be raced. She is called *Gleniffer*; still, probably, there will be many mixed matches—that is, between cutters, yawls, and schooner—in club regattas, with the usual rig allowances.

The next class will be what used to be known as the "one design" class, but now classed as of 65 ft. linear rating. The most successful of the old fleet was the *Isolde*, owned by Mr. Peter Donnelly. It is not certain if she will be raced this coming season, as she is on the sale list; if she is she will have to encounter the new *Isolde*. The next class will be formed by the 52 ft. linear rating, and amongst the tried boats should be (but not likely) Lord W. Cecil's *Mildred* and Mr. E. Hore's *Laura*, besides two or three others. There will be in the small classes on the Clyde a fleet which might be counted by hundreds, and among them will be many of the "one design" class, a notable feature being the Bembridge *Red Wings*.

The cruisers will probably muster in force, and the



M. JAURÈS



M. GEORGES CLÉMENTEAU



M. REINACH



M. ZOLA  
Photo by Nadar, Paris



ment are likely to be the cutter *Farana*, now known as *Maid*, Mr. M. B. Kennedy, and the yawl *Namara*, Mr. W. B. The match from Dover to Heligoland, for the North Sea



THE LATE COLONEL HENRY

Cup, will be started on June 17, and that for the German Emperor's Gold Cup on June 19. Both of these races will be handicaps, the handicapper for the first race being Mr. Dixon Kemp, and a special committee appointed by the German Emperor will apportion the time allowances in the match for the Gold Cup. Among the competitors for this cup are the *Cetonia*, schooner, Lord Iveagh; *Oceana*, schooner, Mr. G. A. Tonge; *Jullanar*, yawl, Mr. E. C. F. James; *Satanita*, yawl, Sir Maurice

Gerald; *Proia*, yawl, Mr. Wyndham Cook; the new yawl *Mill*, Mr. J. S. Calverly, and about a dozen others.

Steam yachting has kept pace with the more attractive pastime of sailing, and, like the white-winged craft, had a very small beginning; that is in 1850 there were only three steam yachts in existence; in 1878 there were 282; and in 1899 the total number in this country was 1,128, the total tonnage of which amounted to 150,500 tons, and ranged from 20 tons to 2,000 tons. It has been calculated that these steam yachts in round numbers cost £1,000,000. The number of sailing yachts owned in this country is about 3,200, and their gross tonnage about 62,000 tons, the prime cost being approximately 2,500,000.

Of the large steam yachts, the *Mayflower*, 1,844 tons, designed by Mr. G. L. Watson for an American gentleman, is one of the latest; and among the smaller vessels, the *Speedy*, 140 tons, designed for the Baron Barreto, is the fastest British yacht of her class.

The fleet of steam yachts have been considerably increased this year, and among the new vessels of large tonnage may be enumerated *Lady Gipsy*, 412 tons, Mr. Thomas Pink; *Surf*, 480 tons, Mr. F. D. Lambert; *Shemara*, 590 tons, Messrs. Sladen; *Margarita*, 1,704 tons, Mr. A. J. Drexel; *Cassanira*, 223 tons, Mr. F. M. Huth; *Golden Eagle*, 425 tons, Sir Samuel Scott, Bart.; *Manary*, 605 tons, Mr. C. D. Rudd; *Ziska*, 168 tons, Mr. Chadwick, and two not yet named, one of 2,054 tons, building on the Clyde for Mr. J. Gordon Bennett, and one of fifty-three tons, building for Lord Howard of Glossop. Of the foregoing craft the *Lady Gipsy*, the *Surf*, and *Shemara* were built by Messrs. Ramage and Ferguson, of Leith, and have already been cruising, the *Lady Gipsy* and *Surf* to the Mediterranean. Mr. Drexel's *Margarita*, when ready, will probably proceed to America to be present at the matches for the America Cup.

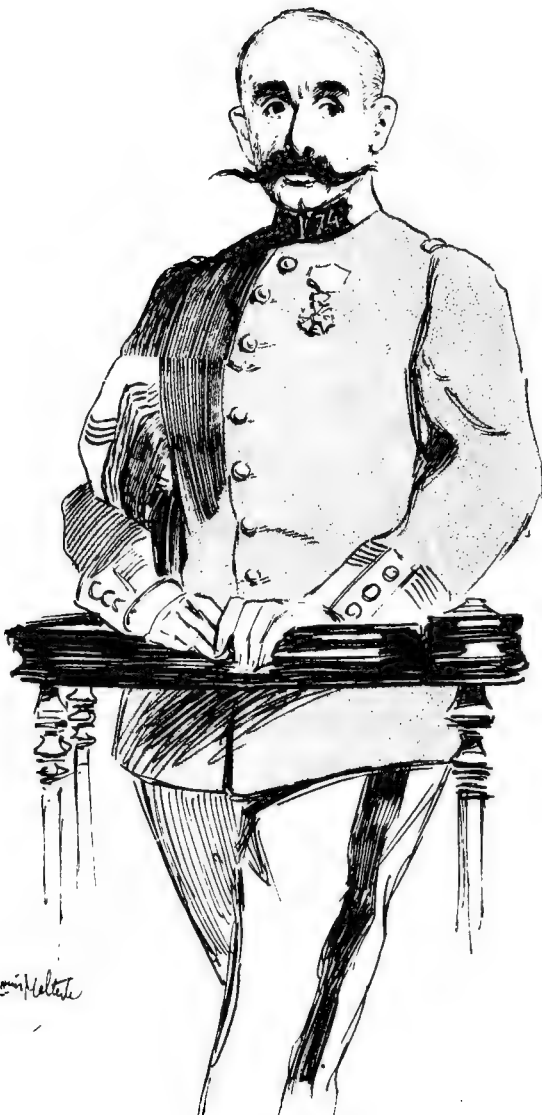
Mr. Calverly's yawl *Brjnild* will have close upon 8,000 square feet of canvas, and is 81 ft. on the waterline and 25 ft. beam; Mr. Wyndham Cook's *Preda*, built in 1885, is 82 ft. on the waterline, with a beam of 18 ft. and sail spread of 6,190 square feet. Mr. H. C. Smith has had a schooner built at Gosport of 94 tons, and Mr. C. S. Guthrie a yawl of 101 tons at Southampton; also at Southampton there has been built a yawl of 93 tons for Mr. F. L. Pearson. The *Gleniffer* schooner, built on the Clyde for Mr. J. Coats, has a length of waterline of 141 ft., beam of 26 ft., and a sail spread of about 14,000 square feet. Among the small classes the most notable addition will be the *Verve III*, built for Mr. Robert Wylie of Glasgow; she will be raced on the Clyde, and possibly in Belfast Lough.

## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

### "THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"

THE new American play with which Mr. N. C. Goodwin and his American company have commenced their season at the DUKES YORK'S Theatre is a very old play indeed, if we look at it from the point of view of its leading situation. It is the old story of a murder under circumstances elaborately contrived by the playwright to direct suspicion on the innocent hero. We all know that pistol belonging to somebody else, which, appropriated for his nefarious purposes by the real criminal, becomes the damning evidence that somebody else is the perpetrator of the daring deed. Long familiar, too, is the prompt apprehension of the innocent man at the very moment when he had discovered the body of the murdered person. In the present instance two persons are in this way involved in suspicion—Mrs. Weston, the beautiful and accomplished wife of the deceased, and her silent admirer, Mr. Teddy North. Both are, in fact, found handling the body, and as the pistol lying close by is Mr. Weston's pistol, Mr. North once assumes that the lady has taken this means of ridding herself of her worthless and disreputable partner, and in the way of screening her, charges himself with the crime which the spectators have seen, has really been committed by a vindictive half-breed Indian jealous of Weston's attention to the mistress of the Colorado Dancing Saloon, which is the scene of the murder. Audiences have lost faith in these two obvious artifices of the playwright; but *The Cowboy and the Lady* belongs to what



MAJOR ESTERHAZY  
A Sketch from Life

is known as the "Bret Harte type" of play, which is not deemed complete without a criminal trial and its customary blend of comic and pathetic incidents, ending in the triumphant vindication of the accused. These matters, it will be remembered, were handled, and, I am bound to add better handled, in *Sue*, which Mr. Fitch's play also resembles in its abundant traits of manners among the cowboys and miners of the Far West. The Cowboy of the title is, it is true, only



COLONEL DU PATY DE CLAM  
A Sketch from Life

an amateur Cowboy who has taken to cattle ranching in the vicinity of Silverville; but he is "the boss," as his neighbours express it, of a considerable number of real cowboys, whose rough humours, abundant good nature, and honest admiration of the chivalrous and athletic Teddy furnish genuine entertainment. To these pleasing sketches of character I must not omit to add little Midge, the wild, untameable orphan girl, with her broad Western accent, her agreeable pertness, and her unerring skill with the rifle—a part very

cleverly played by Miss Gertrude Elliott. These comedy elements, it is true, are little in harmony with the purely melodramatic vein which characterises the latter half of the piece, but they were welcome in themselves. The company is an eminently capable one. Mr. Goodwin, as the Harvard Graduate turned Cowboy, mingles humour and sentiment in a quietly effective fashion, and Miss Maxine Elliot wins favour by the handsome presence and the distinction of manner which she brings to the part of Mrs. Weston. Mr. Oberle's vindictive half-breed, and Mr. Burr McIntosh's rough, honest Cowboy Joe are also good portraits, and speaking generally, it may be said that the performance is remarkable for the careful study bestowed upon the numerous subordinate sketches of character.

The question whether spectators in our theatres should be as free to smoke during the performances as visitors to music halls is arousing just now no small amount of controversy, but it is certainly less important than it appears. A body calling itself "The Theatrical Managers' Association," has, it is true, declared itself in favour of unlimited smoking. This seems, however, to be merely a form of tactics designed to frighten the theatres into abandoning their agitation against the music hall sketches, which border, it must be confessed, very closely upon dramatic performances. The concession that is asked for, however, would probably leave matters pretty much where they are. It is absurd to suppose that we shall ever see a smoking audience at the LYCEUM, the ST. JAMES'S, or the HAYMARKET. The managers of the West End houses have, indeed, already declared themselves opposed to the change, and Madame Melba, being asked for an opinion, has very naturally declared that she would refuse to sing at any house in which smoking was permitted.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt could not fail to receive a cordial welcome at the ADELPHI on Thursday, albeit she had chosen for the opening of her season of French performances nothing less familiar to us than M. Sardou's *La Tosca*. It is evident, however, that what most stirs the public curiosity is her forthcoming performance in *Hamlet*, which will accordingly be repeated more often during her stay than was originally intended. Under the revised arrangements *Hamlet* will be performed continuously from Monday next to Saturday, the 24th inst., besides Wednesday and Saturday matinées of the same play.

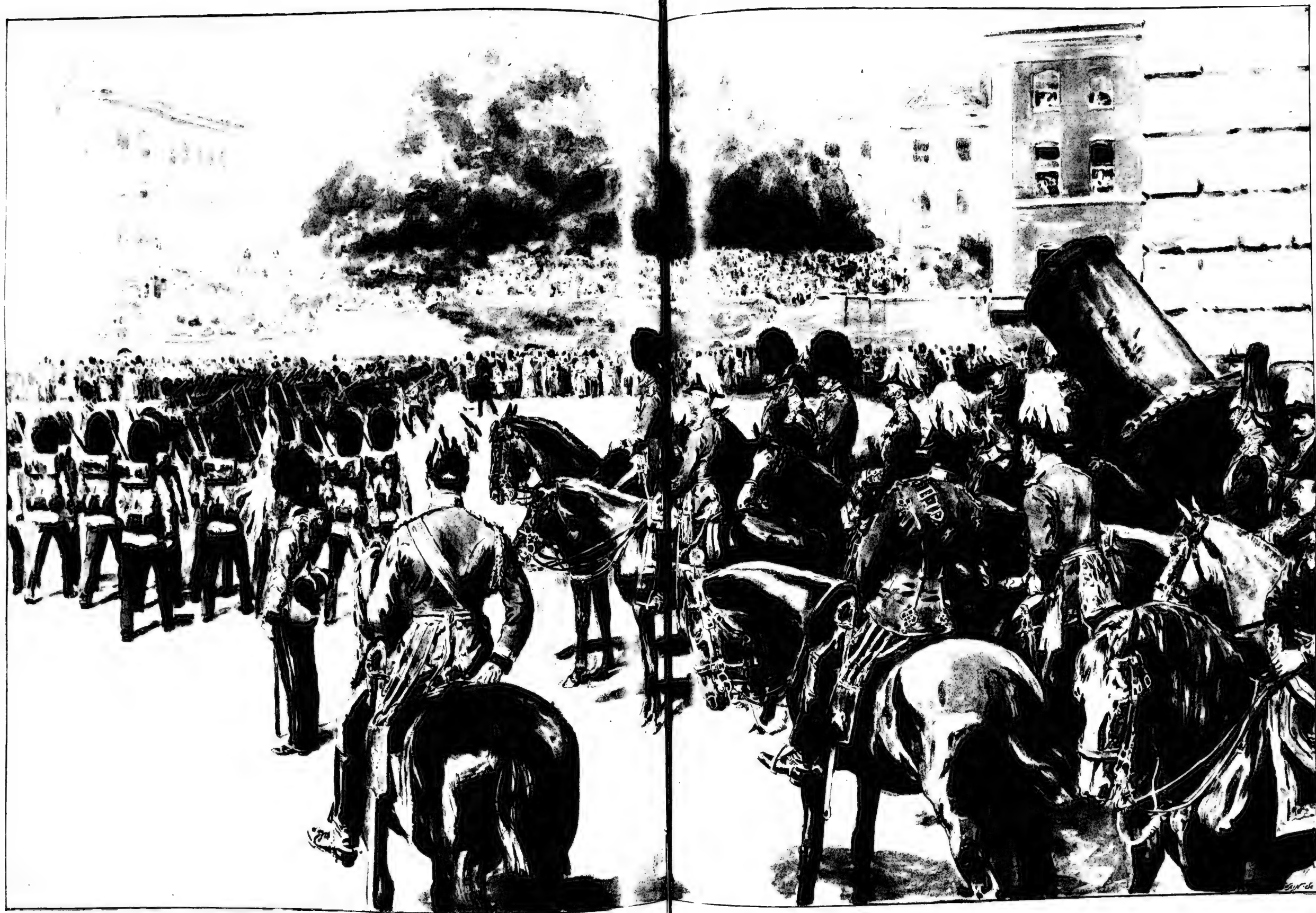
Dreyfus dramas may be expected to multiply now the great conspiracy has collapsed. The revived ADELPHI play, entitled *One of the Best*, is reported to be attracting large audiences to the PRINCESS'S in spite of the heat, and the scenes of the degradation and the final reinstatement of the persecuted hero cause much excitement. It is also stated that Mr. Herbert Sleath, the new manager of the ADELPHI, is preparing to open in the autumn with a romantic drama which will deal with a question of treason on the part of an Englishman accused of selling military secrets to France.

No old frequenter of the LYCEUM can have observed without regret that the long-familiar face of Mr. Joseph Hurst has disappeared from the window of the box office in the vestibule of the LYCEUM since the new company acquired the lease of that house. Mr. Hurst's connection with the theatre embraces all the period of Sir Henry Irving's rule; it goes back indeed for nine-and-twenty years, and, therefore, covers also the time of the Bateman management. It will be gratifying to many to know that it is proposed to recognise the long services of this popular and much respected servant of the public by a testimonial, in aid of which a matinee benefit performance will be given at the LYCEUM on Friday, the 23rd inst. A vast array of talent has already been secured for the occasion.

Who can be the "gentleman well known in society" who has notified to Mr. Arthur Boucher that he considers himself insulted by that actor's impersonation of Mr. James Blagdon in Mr. Carton's new comedy at the COURT Theatre? This incarnation of obtrusive "boulderism" is certainly amusing, and in view of this fact few persons can help feeling a sort of liking for him; but to claim to be the original of the portrait, even allowing for a strong tinge of caricature, certainly argues more modesty and frankness than "Boulders" are generally credited with.

THE CENTURY is to be the name of that popular actor Mr. Penley's new theatre in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. The theatre whose site it occupies was known as the NOVELTY, but the associations which it had gathered under that name were not promising. A revival of *Charley's Aunt* is, it is said, to be the opening production; but this will not be before the late autumn, when Mr. Penley and the ROYALTY company will have returned from their provincial tour, which commences in July.

Dr. Conan Doyle's new play, entitled *Halves*, was to have been given at the GARRICK Theatre on Thursday, but the first appearance this season of Madame Sarah Bernhardt having been long announced for that night, Mr. Brickwell has postponed till this evening (Saturday). The piece has already been produced with much success at Aberdeen.



CELEBRATING THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY IN LONDON: TROOPING THE COLOUR AT THE HORSE GUARDS: THE MARCH PAST

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.





DR. GARNETT  
First Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry



SIR HUMPHRY DAVY  
Late Chief Professor of Chemistry



MICHAEL FARADAY  
First Fullerian Professor of Chemistry



COUNT RUMFORD  
Founder of the Royal Institution

## The Centenary of the Royal Institution

DURING the present week the Royal Institution of Great Britain has been celebrating its centenary. On Monday a Centenary Banquet was given at the Merchant Taylors' Hall, Threadneedle Street, by the President of the Institution (the Duke of Northumberland, K.G.) and the Managers, to the Prince of Wales (Vice-Patron) and to the foreign guests, who had been specially invited for the occasion. On Tuesday afternoon, in the theatre of the Institution, Lord Rayleigh, Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I., delivered the first of the Commemoration Lectures. At this function the Prince of Wales presided. In the evening the Lord Mayor gave a Reception to the members, foreign guests, and distinguished persons at the Mansion House.

On Wednesday evening the second Commemoration Lecture was delivered by Professor Dewar (Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, R.I.), and this time the Duke of Northumberland presided.

The Royal Institution of Great Britain "for the Promotion, Diffusion and Extension of Science and Useful Knowledge," was founded by Benjamin Thompson, afterwards Count Rumford, on June 5, in the year 1799.

The founder's object was to bring Science and Art into closer contact, to open up intercourse between philosophers and those engaged in the arts and manufactures, and to direct their united efforts to the improvement of agriculture, manufactures and commerce, and to the increase of domestic comfort.

"Rumford's Institution" differed largely from the Royal Institution of the present day. In the first place it was concerned with eminently utilitarian and practical subjects, and was intended to better the condition of the poorer classes. All kinds of models were placed on view, these representing fireplaces, kitchen utensils, laundry appliances, stoves, spinning wheels, agricultural implements, etc. In addition to the public exhibition of mechanical inventions and improvements, Count Rumford wished his Institution to teach the application of science to useful purposes of life. To carry this into effect a lecture-room and a well-furnished laboratory were provided. The lectures were to be on "useful" subjects—such as the management of fire, the methods of procuring and preserving ice in summer, leather tanning, and other practical matters.

The first meeting of the members in the present home of the Institution in Albemarle Street was held on June 5, 1799, and on the 29th of the month the Earl of Winchelsea (the President) acquainted the managers that he "had had the honour of mentioning



BUST OF JOHN FULLER  
Who gave 10,000l. for the Promotion of science in the Royal Institution



THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND  
President of the Royal Institution  
Photo by Faulkner, Baker Street



MR. LUDWIG MOND  
Donor of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory



PROFESSOR JOHN TYNDALL  
Late Professor of Natural Philosophy

accomplish all that its founder intended it should. Soon after this Count Rumford left England for France, evidently disappointed that the success of his pet project had not answered his expectations.

Davy, aided by the managers, succeeded in creating out of Rumford's Institution a new Institution, the objects of which were not to be the bettering of the condition of the poor, the training of young men in the arts and sciences, the exhibition of models, the encouragement of mechanical inventions, the fostering of new industries, but rather the carrying out of experimental and theoretical researches in Pure Science.

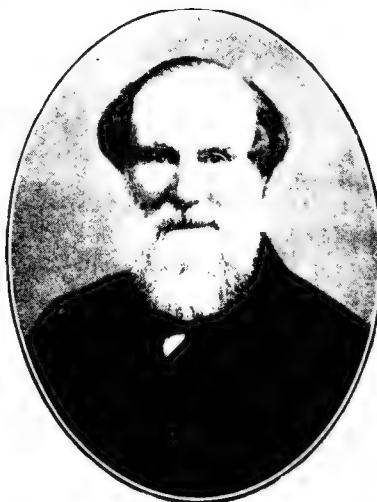
The Royal Institution became, in fact, very much what it is to the present day. The Professors carried out their researches in laboratories, and lectured on their work in the theatre, etc.



PROFESSOR DEWAR  
Fullerian Professor of Chemistry



DR. J. H. GLADSTONE  
Late Fullerian Professor of Chemistry



DR. WILLIAM ODLING  
Late Fullerian Professor of Chemistry



PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER  
Fullerian Professor of Physiology



LORD RAYLEIGH  
Professor of Natural Philosophy

lectures by eminent men were provided, and for the use of the members there were the reading-rooms and libraries. After the retirement of Dr. Garnett, Davy became Chief Chemical Professor and Superintendent of the House. From its earliest days it has always been the custom for one of the Professors to reside in the Institution, and to assume control over its work, under the direction of the Board of Managers. Faraday succeeded Davy in this capacity. Tyndall succeeded Faraday, and Professor Dewar, in 1887, succeeded Tyndall. Thus the Royal Institution has very close associations with four of the greatest scientific workers of the nineteenth century. Its Professors are very happily placed; they have no teaching functions, and are only required to give a certain number of lectures in the year. Thus they are able to give a large portion of their time to original research in the splendid laboratories that are provided for them.

On April 8, 1812, Davy was knighted by the Prince Regent. Soon after that he married a wealthy widow, Mrs. Apreece, and retired from his position as Professor of Chemistry at the Institution. It was in this same year that a young bookseller's apprentice, through the kindness of a customer, heard four of the last lectures of Sir Humphry Davy; of these the boy made notes, and then wrote them out in a fuller form. Being desirous of some scientific occupation, the young apprentice sent his notes to Sir Humphry, who took an interest in the lad, and finally offered him a position as assistant in the chemical laboratory. The story of the life of Michael Faraday has often been told, and most are aware of the rapid manner in which he rose to be the greatest *savant* of the age. He educated himself by research and by reading, and he soon became the Director of the Laboratory of the Royal Institution. His discoveries excited attention, he was created a Fellow of the Royal Society, and he became the friend of the Queen and of the Prince Consort. It was Faraday who originated the Friday Evening Meetings of the Members of the Royal Institution, and also the Christmas Lectures to young people.

As Davy saved the Institution from dissolution at an early period, so Faraday, by devoting himself almost exclusively to its interests, and withdrawing from outside professional occupation, succeeded in preserving its reputation and in attracting subscribers. The



### STATUE OF FARADAY IN THE HALL

The Royal Institution has had many benefactors from Count Rumford to Mr. Fuller, and from Mr. Fuller to Dr. Mond, whose "Davy-Faraday" research laboratory is one of the Institution's most interesting features. It is the only free research laboratory in Great Britain, and is open conditionally to independent private research.

Your portraits are by the following firms:—Professor Dewar, Professor Ray Lankester, and Professor John Tyndall by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Mr. Ludwig Mond by Mayall and Co.; the Duke of Northumberland by Faulkner, Baker Street; and Lord Rayleigh, Dr. William Odling, and Dr. J. H. Gladstone by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

## Trooping the Colour

FORTUNATE in its weather, and unusually distinguished in its participators, this year's trooping of the Queen's colour displayed a brilliance beyond that to which its interesting military ritual and its blaze of martial colour give it a right. The great gravelled square which divides Whitehall from St. James's Park, is a splendid arena for display. Last Saturday, in the pearly light of a hazy summer morning, with the green of the trees in their yet unblemished verdure, and the grey shade of the Treasury buildings as accessories and background, the scene seemed almost to have been designed by the stage painter's art. One side of the great brown square, with its fringe of sentries, was black with the spectators who had been coming from as early as eight o'clock in order to secure good places for this, the only great military ceremonial of the year. On the side opposite to this, and at the other pole of spectators, were the gaily decked windows of old Whitehall, where three generations of the Royal Family were ensconced. At the middle window of the great Levée room the Princess of Wales sat, with the younger son of her own younger son, and with two of the pretty Connaught children; at another window sat the Duchess of York, with her eldest boy and with her little niece of Fife; and at yet another



## THE THEATRE



THE LIBRARY

THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION

Institution could not afford to give Faraday (even when his fame had been established) more than 100% a year, and it is difficult to see how it could have gone on attracting philosophers of the stamp of Davy and Faraday to give the best years of their life to research and to lecturing, had not Mr. John Fuller come forward with a promise to endow a Professorship of Chemistry with the yearly interest of £3334.

Thus it was that in the year 1833 Michael Faraday became the first Fullerian Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, a post which he held til his death in 1867. For thirty years Faraday was the foremost of lecturers on Science in London, and he was without a rival as an exponent of Nature and of Nature's laws. Faraday's place as superintendent was taken by Dr. John Tyndall.

Faraday had all the qualities which contribute to the enduring renown of a man of science. He was one of those investigators whose insight probes the innermost meaning of an experiment; and who have with respect to their experiments what in another field of endeavour has been spoken of as an "intelligent anticipation of events." Yet with all his brilliance he was never satisfied with jumping to a conclusion. He verified and verified, and again verified. The consequence is that his conclusions were always found to be based upon the soundest premises, and that to succeeding generations his lines of thought have been the texts of new scientific problems and theorems. Add to this that he was a most capable lecturer, and one obtains some idea of the influence which he wielded in the scientific world, and not in the scientific world alone, of his time. The Prince of Wales, in speaking at the Centenary Dinner in the Merchant Taylors' Hall, recalled the years when as a boy he attended Faraday's lectures. "Though it is half a century ago," said the Prince, "I have not forgotten that my brother, the Duke of Coburg, and myself were sent by our father to London just after Christmas to attend those famous lectures given by the great Professor Michael Faraday. I have not forgotten the interest which we took in those lectures, and the clear way in which Professor Faraday explained to boys difficult scientific problems, and the beautiful way in which he showed us the chemical experiments which were the order of the day."

But the Royal Institution has always been fortunate in its professional lecturers. The old theatre—a century old—has a tradition

of daring experiment. John Tyndall, who succeeded Faraday, was his equal as an expositor; and, as since has been said of Professor Dewar, who now lectures at the table where Faraday and Tyndall used to stand, he would attempt and carry off experiments before a packed audience such as most men would hardly expect to find successful in the laboratory. One famous lecture of Tyndall's is almost a matter of history—the lecture in which he produced atmospheric effects of snow, and mist, and rain upon an astonished and fashionably crowded theatre. The floor of the old theatre was a pool of water by the time the lecture was over, and no one who was present on that occasion will readily forget it. Some of his lectures, too, on radiant heat were marvels of scientific brilliance and almost incredibly clear exposition of his theories; and in the history of the Royal Institution he ranks as the best and most interesting lecturer who ever enthralled an audience of children.

audience of children.

After Tyndall had resigned his place as superintendent, Lord Rayleigh was elected to it and holds it still. Lord Rayleigh holds a position as distinguished in the scientific world as either of his predecessors. His researches in the absorption of heat by gases, and on transparency and opacity, place him on the highest plane of scientific discovery; and it would require an article of very different dimensions to this to define the scope of his services to science. He is always sound and clear in his lectures, though perhaps more at home on the blackboard than at the experimenting table; but his laboratory experiments are as successful as they are important.

The Institution, however, still preserves its dynasty of brilliant experimentalists in Professor James Dewar, whose experiments in the condensability of gases, and the properties of matter near the absolute zero of temperature, and, most of all, his successful liquefaction of hydrogen, have given him an enduring place in scientific annals. As Fullerian Professor of Chemistry he succeeds Dr. Odling and Dr. J. H. Gladstone, and as a lecturer is more successful than either of his predecessors. The corresponding Fullerian Professorship of Physiology is filled by Professor Ray Lankester, a lecturer who makes no experiments, but whose remarkable powers of classification and definition make him one of the most interesting expositors to whom we can listen.

Princess Christian and the two married daughters of the Princess of Wales.

Round the parade ground were drawn up the trooping companies—four companies of the 1st and 3rd Grenadier Guards, two of the 2nd Coldstreams, one of the 3rd Coldstreams (the first appearance of this regiment in the ceremonial), and two of the Scots Guards. A little more punctually than usual the cheering up the Mall brought the news that the inspection was about to begin and at once the ladies of the House of Commons and Brigade of Guards' stands, a parterre of white and blue for the most part, furlled their parasols as with one consent. A command rang out over the ground. The rifles came to the shoulder almost without an instant's interval along the line, and there rode on to the ground the inspecting attachés, generals, and Princes. After the foreign attachés followed Sir George White and Sir Evelyn Wood; then Viscount Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief, holding his gold-topped ebony bâton as Field-Marshal; and, lastly, the Prince of Wales in the uniform of the Grenadier Guards, the Duke of Connaught, as Colonel of the Scots Guards, on his right, and the Duke of Cambridge, as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, on his left. Prince Christian, in general's uniform, and the Duke of York as Colonel 3rd Battalion West Yorkshire, rode behind. When the Royal Salute had been taken by the Prince of Wales, the glittering little cavalcade proceeded to the inspection of the troops, front and rear, while the massed bands played Kronung's March and William's March. Then the bands played themselves across the parade in slow, and back in quick, time, with their usual punctiliousness; and the mystic moment of "trooping the colour" arrived. It consists, as every one knows, simply in the transference of the colour from the sergeant who stands in charge of it in the centre of the ground to the new company, whose trust it is. When the colour had been received by a party of Coldstreams, the bands played the "National Anthem," and the troops, with the colour at their head (in charge of a company under Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Rawlinson), marched past, first in slow and then in quick time. This was all—but the Royal Salute once more, and the "National Anthem"—following which the Royal procession rode off the ground, and were presently followed by the guard with the colour and the bands, to St. James's Palace.



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13	6 by 9	0 5 0	14	0 by 11	0 8 5 0	11	0 by 10	0 5 15 0
11	0 by 10	0 5 15 0	15	0 by 11	0 8 10 0	12	0 by 10	0 6 5 0
12	0 by 10	0 6 5 0	13	0 by 12	0 8 5 0	13	0 by 10	0 7 0 0
13	0 by 10	0 7 0 0	14	0 by 12	0 8 15 0	12	0 by 11	0 7 0 0
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Music

THE REVIVAL OF "PINAFORE"

It does the eyes good and makes the heart merry again to see Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert in collaboration at the Savoy.

The revival of *Pinafore* on Tuesday night was conducted by the composer, while the stage business had during the rehearsals been supervised by Mr. Gilbert, so that almost every detail of music, acting, and stage management was practically the same as when this most delightful of after-dinner entertainments was originally produced at the Opéra Comique. This was on May 25, 1878, so that about a fortnight ago *Pinafore* attained its majority. Portions of it are still as fresh as ever, notably the cleverly written glee sung by the three petty officers, and eventually developing into a chorus and hornpipe for the whole of the crew; the beautiful asides in the duet, "I'd laugh my rank to scorn," between Josephine and the young sailor, and the delicious duet in which the old English style is so happily imitated between Dick Deadeye and the Captain. The more familiar ditties, which have been played for a generation by budding amateurs in the drawing-room, and by military bands at holiday resorts, came, of course, as old acquaintances, and although such things as "Dear little Buttercup," "I am the Captain of the *Pinafore*," the song of the First Lord, the trio, "Never mind the why and wherefor," and the immortal "He is an Englishman" may have become almost hackneyed, they are obviously still appreciated. The new cast (for of the original members of the company only Mr. Temple, as Dick Deadeye, remains) certainly have no reason to fear comparison with their predecessors. Mr. Walter Passmore, as the First Lord, particularly, showed true humour, without the pantomimic extravagance in which he sometimes indulges. Mr. Lytton also was an admirable representative of Captain Corcoran, and Mr. Evett looked handsome enough as the young sailor. Miss Ruth Vincent made a pretty representative of the heroine, while Miss Brandram was, perhaps, too much of the *grande*

dame to suit the rôle of the Bumboat woman, although, as a vocalist, she is as welcome as ever. Miss Emmie Owen was, however, quite as sprightly a Hebe as Miss Jessie Bond, who first came prominently to the front in this part, but who has now married and left the profession. The stage is filled with the deck of the ship, a solidly built-up structure, with real masts

ladies, who make an extremely pretty party of the First Lord, "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts." *Trial by Jury* concludes a strong holiday programme, and it is hoped that it will run until the early autumn, when a new production by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Hood may be reasonably expected.

THE OPERA SEASON

Madame Calvé has now her engagement, and will here next week, probably to her *reentrée* on the 24th Thursday. She also will go to Mr. Grau to the United States where she will play, among other things in Massenet's *Syphax*, *Herodiade*, and she likewise to Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*, Juliette in Gounod's opera. Scotti, an American from Milan, on Thursday announced to make his debut as Don Giovanni. Milla Ravogli has resumed her post as contralto. Another addition to the company Madame Lilli Lehmann is a veteran, and indeed has on the stage nearly thirty years, although the fact is belied by her youthfulness of figure and richness of voice, which indeed shows wear in the medium register. At any rate, with the exception perhaps of Frau Ternina, she played the part once last season. Frau Lilli Lehmann proved herself one of the greatest exponents of Leonora in Beethoven's *Fidelio* that we have known for many years. On Saturday Madame Melba revived *Lucia*, chiefly of interest, of course, owing to the florid music which she is a gifted pupil of Madame Marchesi sings practically to perfection. Madame Melba is the youngest and freshest-voiced representative of the florid school, the leading members of which still on the stage are Madame Patti and Madame Sembrich. The *Lucia* with the flute was encored and repeated. On Monday M. Jean de Reszke should have appeared



This illustration shows the pathway down which the force of British and Americans marched when they fell in an ambush in a German plantation. A large number of rebels were concealed in the trees on the left. Our illustration is from a photograph by J. Davis, Samoa

THE FIGHTING IN SAMOA: THE BATTLEFIELD AT VAILELE

and rigging, up which crowds of sailors swarm. At the back is the well-known view of Portsmouth Harbour, at first by day, and afterwards still more pretty with the lights of evening twinkling from the windows. Mr. Carte had also provided new and handsome yachting dresses for the

as Faust, the first non-Wagnerian part he has essayed for a couple of years, but he was again indisposed, and so also was M. Albert, whose part of Valentine was sung partly in Italian and partly in other tongues by Signor Ancona. M. Edouard de Reszke was Mephistopheles, and Madame Melba Marguerite.

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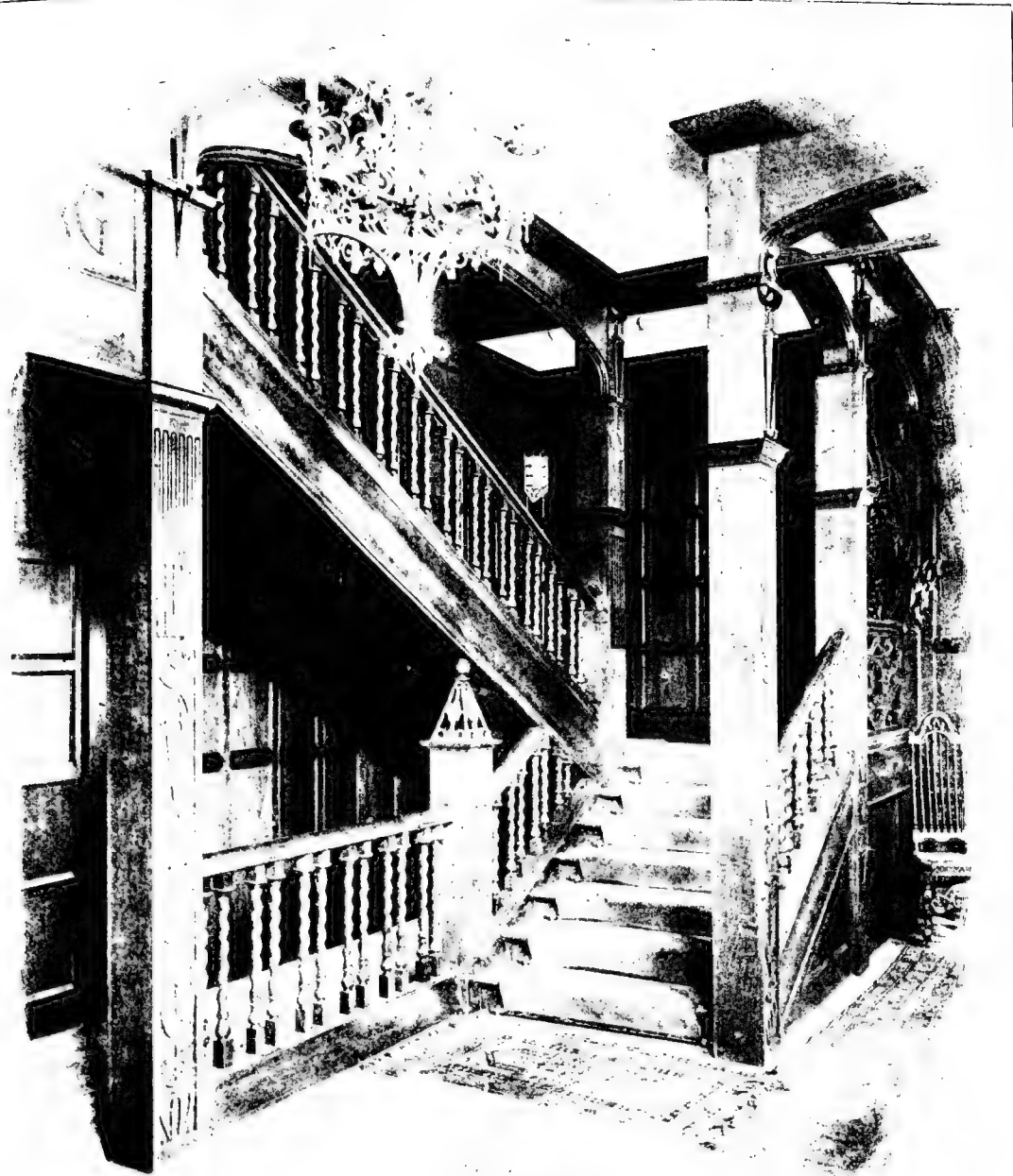
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# THE DECORATIVE RENAISSANCE IN PARIS

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THE ELIZABETHAN HALL AT WARINGS' PARIS PREMISES

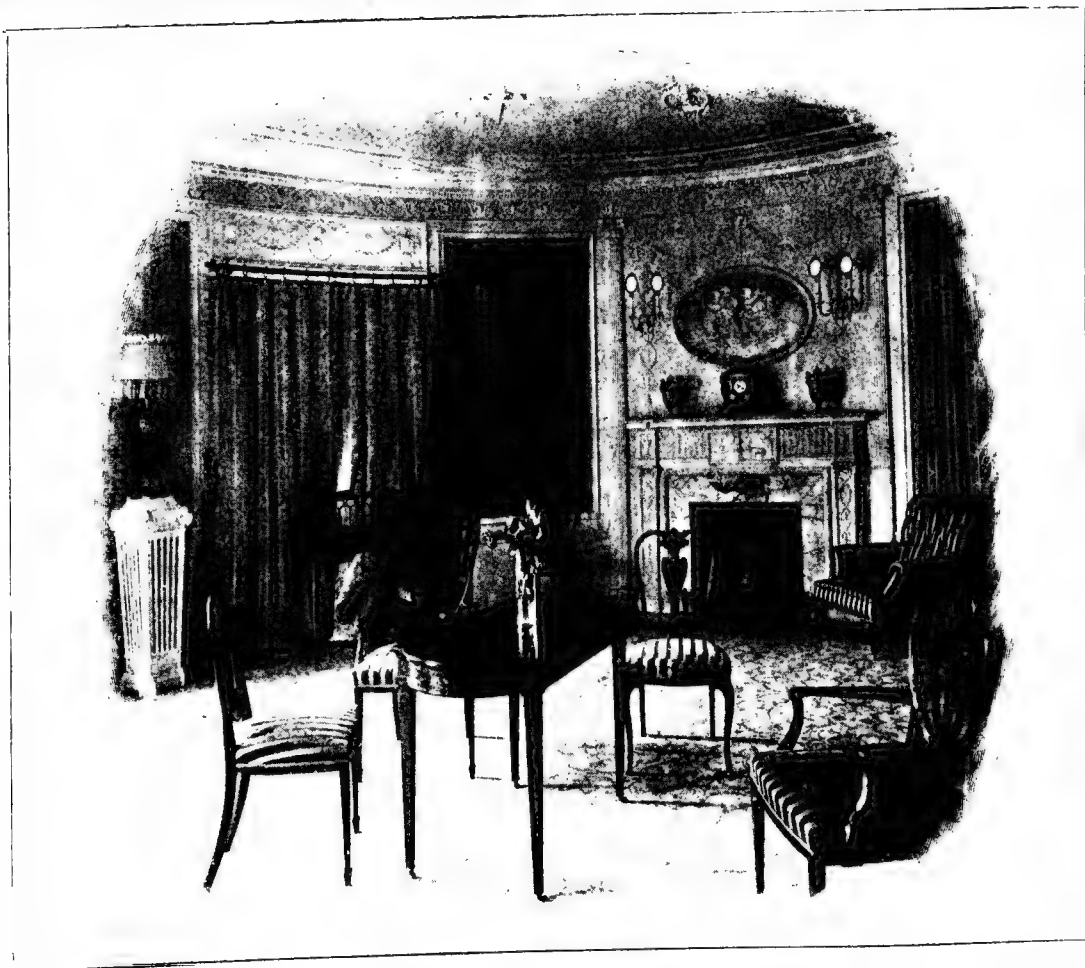
of sanitation. Of the extent to which artistic feeling and due attention to comfort and health have been carried, the visitors were able to judge for themselves. What they could not be expected to realise so readily was that everything presented—from its origin in the brain of its designers in Messrs. Waring's own studios, down to the elaboration of detail by hands specially selected and trained—was made and turned out at their own factories, where something like 6,000 hands find constant employment.

The opportunity has been taken to apply the latest system in furnishing, namely, that of fitted rooms—a clever device by which floor space is economised, every corner is utilised, and dusty surfaces are reduced to a minimum—advantages which will be readily appreciated by everyone. The flat at 8, Rue Glück was, when it came into Messrs. Waring's hands, an ordinary apartment such as Paris reproduces in thousands. As if by the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp it is now transformed into an exquisite specimen of what can be done in the way of decoration under the most exacting conditions. The entrance on the street is treated as an oaken hall in Elizabethan style. Mounting a staircase of the same epoch, the visitor enters a vestibule arranged as both lounge and smoking-room. This is panelled high in the Jacobean style in ivory white, reflecting as much light as possible, a rich red carpet and frieze casting faint rosy shadows on the cool background. Other rooms open off from here, and an inner vestibule leads to the drawing-room, purely "Adams" in style, with a perfect copy of an Angelica Kauffman ceiling, and a fireplace with curious urn-shaped grate—an actual original of its time (early eighteenth century). The colouring employed is charming, pale rose silk panels framed by that delicate fresco ornamentation which is the essence of the "Adams" style. A pretty fitted bedroom shows the practicability of the English methods of furnishing in a manner that elicited encomiums on all sides; and a fine bathroom, after the latest English models, is significant of the up-to-date character of the abode.

The dining-room is an excellent instance of the modern revival of what might be termed the "Waringesque," or later Victorian period. The fireplace is a quaint design in beaten copper. The panelling, mantelpiece, and furniture generally are of fumed oak. A carpet and curtains in a wonderful shade of lilac leaf green, tone admirably with the autumn tints of oak and copper. Of this shade is also the frieze, which is of canvas linen, a new and artistic material invaluable for wall coverings and draperies, which is also employed for the red frieze in the vestibule. Beyond is a library fitted throughout with inlaid mahogany, after Sheraton, with a cosy corner by the fireplace and a deep-cushioned window seat. Not forgotten in this delightful and typical home are the children's quarters; a nursery in white and green, where everything is suggestive of spring, childhood, and fairyland. Low enough to be well in sight is a deep frieze painted by the hand of an artist representing elves, and birds, and flowers.

There can be no question that the establishment of this Paris branch marks an era in the development of the English Decorative Renaissance. The necessity for such a house had become pressing, in consequence of the large number of orders which Waring and Gillow have received for continental work, not only in France, but in Germany and Russia also, where their distinctive style and originality have created a great impression among people of artistic feeling; and in view of the fact that a large number of mechanical orders have found their way out of this country, it is interesting to find that in Paris, hitherto the headquarters of artistic inspiration, English ideas have demonstrated themselves in such a practical and effective manner.

but complete suite of rooms, in the scheme of decoration and furnishing of which the purest canons of style and taste are associated with the acme of luxury and the newest principles



ADAMS DRAWING ROOM AT WARINGS' PARIS PREMISES

An interesting event took place in Paris on the Queen's day, namely, the formal opening of Waring and Gillow's Paris house, situated at the corner of the Rue Glück and the Boulevard Haussmann. Invitations had been sent to the leading inhabitants of the city, and were responded to by a highly distinguished company, who expressed in unqualified terms their delight at the beautifully artistic arrangement by which what was formerly an ordinary Paris flat, had been transformed into a series of exquisitely furnished and fitted apartments.

Among the distinguished visitors present at the previous day's view were Baronne Van Loo, Comte de Sugny, Baron de Valero, Marquis de Valero, His Excellency J. Canevaro, Comte de Fernand de Rouge, Comte de la Mazoliere, Comte de Longueville, Comte D'Formou, Comtesse de la Foucauld, Comte and Comtesse de Pourtales, Comtesse de Trevis, Comtesse la Persute, His Excellency the Ambassador and Lady Monson, His Excellency the Ambassador of Roumania, Mme. Marquise de Maubon, Comte de St. Maurice, Vicomte de Fleuriu, Vicomtesse de Spinasse, Baron de Romeuf, Baronne de Ruble, Sir de Sassoon, Baronne Delort de Fleou, Comte de Lagarde, Comte and Comtesse de Lagarde, Comte de la Garde, Comte de la Pleniere, Comte de Kothres, Baronne Jean de Le, Madame Carnot, Comte de Zogheb, Vicomtesse de Liedekerke Beaufort, Baronne de Pfeffel, Comtesse Molitor, Vicomte and Duchesse de Gadagne, Comte J. du Toussy, Comte d'Arnilly, Comtesse de Planet, Comte de St. Blancard St. Victor, etc., etc. Such expressions of "Ravissante," "Magnifique," were heard on all sides, and the exquisite effects of decorative interiors produced by Messrs. Waring.

The new premises are indeed an object-lesson in the art of obtaining from relatively unpromising materials, results which are at once suitable and charming. The ordinary *entresol* of a Paris business house presents few opportunities of refined artistic treatment, but in this case a transformation has been effected which will be a model to the majority of Parisians, besides being an admirable exemplification of the firm's method in the decoration of private flats and houses. It has been the object of Messrs. Waring to show to Paris a small





MUSLIN DRESS

White muslin with fine lace and insertion over white silk. Sleeves and yoke tucked. Bow and waistband of turquoise-blue satin.

New Models

"ATHELSTANE FORD"

ATHELSTANE FORD, as Mr. Allen Upward makes him tell his own story, was a young Norfolk yeoman, of Puritan stock, who, about the year 1755, was induced by a black sheep of a cousin to run away from home and to join a gang of pirates. But a quarrel about a girl leads to his impressment and appointment as purser's clerk on board a man-of-war, in which capacity he is lucky enough to attract the notice of no less a personage than Robert Clive. Thus fairly started, the story runs a double course—one romantic, concerning Athelstane and his cousin Rupert and the woman who came between them; the other the retelling of the story of the Black Hole in Calcutta, and of the Battle of Plassey. The style is

that which has been recently invented to represent the English of any required period from the Battle of Hastings to that of Waterloo. But the story itself, which is entirely of peril and adventure, is only, while inevitably, less interesting than the history upon which it is founded. Indeed, to be uninteresting under such circumstances would require an almost superhuman genius for being dull.

"THE MATERNITY OF HARRIOTT WICKEN"

Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney's "The Maternity of Harriott Wicken" (William Heinemann) has nearly all the qualities of good fiction save that of being pleasant to read. Indeed, its very subject forbids the idea to give pleasure formed any part of its author's intention. Harriott Wicken, the daughter of a drunkard, murderer and suicide, transmits the bad blood of generations to her child, who is born an idiot of the most complete and hopeless kind. Love for her husband and horror of her offspring, induces her to palm off upon him another child as his and hers. But the husband's affection for the false infant excites her jealousy, and a visit to the real one, who is dying of neglect, suddenly awakened the maternal feeling to which she had been hitherto a stranger. She lets her husband believe that she is the mother of his child by another father, carries the poor little creature away with her into the country, and presently, in a mood of general despair, removes both it and herself from the world. The motive of the novel appears to be the doctrine of the identity of heredity with fatalism in its most repulsive form. Of the powerful interest with which this is handled there can be as little question as of the painful flavour that it leaves.

"BETTY MUSGRAVE"

Mary Findlater's "Betty Musgrave" (Methuen and Co.) is a story of dipsomania, but happily without the usual accompaniment of heredity. For Betty herself, despite her mother's habits, simply suffers through them without having the smallest share in them. Among her sufferings is persecution by a vulgar admirer, who tries, by the meanest methods, to take advantage of the situation; and her temporary loss of a respectable fiancé, who is indeed almost too respectable for the part of leading lover. Doubtless the prospect of a mother-in-law given to drink would be ghastly to a young man of so well regulated a mind as Oliver Lacy—but still it is evidently easier for Betty than for the reader to forgive his lack of recklessness. However, the death of the obstacle renders love once more compatible with prudence; and there is really nothing to be said of the novel save what is as pleasant as its ending.

NEW NOVELS FOR SIXPENCE

There is an old prophecy to the effect that, sooner or later, people, instead of being paid for writing novels will be paid to read them. The appearance of Mr. E. W. Hornung's "Dead Men Tell No Tales," as the first of a series called "The Novelist" (Methuen and Co.), seems to portend that the predicted period is coming well into view. For the publishers announce, with almost alarming generosity, a monthly story for sixpence, by a popular author, and "as long as the average six shilling novel." So there is now only sevenpence between the reader having to pay sixpence for a new work of fiction and having to be paid a penny. No doubt Mr. E. W. Hornung is a popular writer, and the length of his story seems up to promise; but we do think that the new departure might have started with something more ambitious than what is just the old-fashioned shilling shocker at half-price. At the same time the idea is a good one in itself, and we shall look forward to the proof that cheapness and goodness are not as hostile as used to be supposed.



RECEPTION DRESS

Of pale blue fine cloth. Under-dress of pale green over blue silk. Tulle and white ribbons and silver garters. Flowers of silk.

TWO REFERENCE VOLUMES.—From the *Edinburgh Edition* of "The Newspaper Press Directory" (Mitchell and Co.) we learn that the number of newspapers issued in England is 460, of which 460 are published in London. Wales has 106 newspapers, Scotland 235, Ireland 180, and the British Isles 21. The alphabetical index of newspapers, magazines, and periodicals has been revised and brought up to date. The *Colonial, Indian, and Foreign Supplement* contains valuable articles in trade journals, etc.—Another look of the same description is "Willing's Directory," J. Willing, junior, Limited, which is now published for the twenty-sixth year. The book is well arranged, and is most very cheap. To begin with, there is an alphabetical list of newspapers and periodicals published in the United Kingdom, and is supplemented by classified lists. Lists are also given of the principal foreign and colonial newspapers.

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*A DOG'S Visit to the Ashes of the Inventor of the Lethal Chamber.*

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for Capital Crime it should be done without unnecessary pain or suffering, which is now carried out at the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs at Battersea. It could, at least until Capital Punishment is abolished from the Statute Book. Then, with uplifted hands, let all who love humanity devoutly ask for such a BLESSING of LIGHT and MERCY.

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Dr. Joachim, the famous violinist, was last week presented by the directors of the Philharmonic Society with silver gilt wreaths, in honour of the sixtieth anniversary of his first appearance as a public performer. The wreath was designed and made by Mrs. Philip H. Newman.

THE PRESENTATION TO DR. JOACHIM

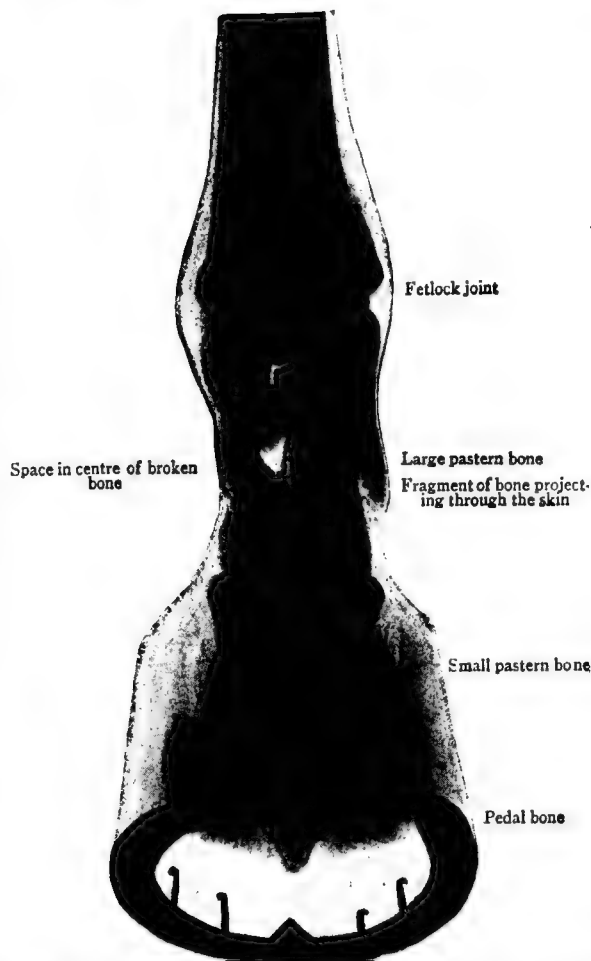
### "Mr. Pickwick's Kent"

READERS of Oliver Wendell Holmes will remember the old gentleman who was not an entomologist, not even a coleopterist, but a scarabeist. Dickens literature, Dickens legend, and Dickens lore has now grown to such proportions that Mr. Hammond Hall has felt the scarabeist's need of being a specialist, and in his contribution to Dickens's literature he has been content to limit himself not merely to Mr. Pickwick but to Mr. Pickwick in Kent. "A Photographic Record of the Tour of the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club in Rochester, Chatham, Dingley Dell, Cobham, and Gravesend," he calls his little book, but this bald description conveys little idea of the interest attaching to the little volume, so thoroughly has every reference been thrashed out, and so admirably does it carry out the romance attaching to a score of places which the majority of us pass in blind unconsciousness of the place which they hold in fiction. Most of us are familiar with "Pickwick"—it has been estimated, says Mr. Hall, that a sufficient number of copies of "The Pickwick Papers" have been published in the British Empire and in the United States to place one in every other household throughout the English-speaking world—many of us, and the present writer in particular, are familiar with Chatham, Rochester, and Gravesend, but despite a general knowledge that Dickens preferred basing his descriptions on actual places, one had no idea how fully and in what a fascinating manner the humorist's and novelist's steps could be traced through Kent, or, indeed, given the patience and labour to sort truth from myth, what delightful marginal notes the result would make on the pages of the most popular humorous work of the century. "Mr. Pickwick's Kent" is a guide book first, afterwards it is a little volume to place alongside your "Pickwick" on the shelf, and then use as an excuse for spending some enjoyable hours annotating, even if only mentally, the latter well read volume. Not the least attraction of the book is that it contains some thirty

illustrations of all the principal places mentioned—the inns where the Pickwick Society stayed, the churches they passed by, the views they saw, and the streets down which Dickens, in his fancy, saw them pass, all are faithfully shown, and these photographs, in the main the work of Mr. Lionel Gowing, are an astonishing tribute to the enthusiasm which must have gone to the making of a little volume, the price of which—one shilling—places it within the reach of the poorest admirer of the egregious Pickwick. ("Mr. Pickwick's Kent." By Hammond Hall. Horace Marshall and Son.)

### The Accident to Holocauste

THE accompanying photograph, by Mr. Glew, of Holocauste's broken leg, which is in the possession of Mr. Garside, of Clapham Common, the veterinary surgeon who was in attendance upon the unfortunate French horse after its accident at the Derby last week, reveals very clearly the nature of the injury to the pastern bone.



For the information of those of our readers who may not be acquainted with the anatomy of the horse's leg, it may be pointed out that the leg represents a column of bones, the individual bones being placed one above the other, and united together at various points to form the joints. The bones are held together by strong fibrous bands (ligaments), and are moved one upon the other by the action of the muscles which are attached to the bones at different points.

Our photograph represents the lower portion or base of the bony column, comprising the hoof, within which is placed the pedal bone. The encircling shoe is very clearly visible, and with the nails driven through the horn of the hoof, the pedal bone is the os coronæ, or small pastern bone, which in turn, supports the os suffraginis, or large pastern bone. In this case is the fractured bone. It assists in forming, above it, the fetlock joint, a joint which will be readily recognized by everyone acquainted with the external appearance of the leg.

The appearance of the large pastern in an unfractured leg would be similar to that of the small one. Instead of this, its surface shows a number of cracks, and through the large cracks the light is clearly visible. Moreover, the upper broken fragments are forced out of place in a downward direction. These fragments were protruding through the skin of Holocauste's leg. It may be mentioned that Mr. Garside's section of the injured leg after death shows that the pastern was smashed into thirteen pieces, varying naturally in size and shape.

### Army Polo Cup

THE final tie for the Army Polo Cup, presented by the Polo Club, was decided at the Crystal Palace, when the Inniskilling Dragoons defeated the 10th Hussars by six goals to three. The Cup, which is of solid silver, heavily gilt, is designed in the style of the Georgian period, with richly chased acanthus leaf ornamentation, and stands upon an ebonized plinth. With the Cup is given a solid silver salver which is also heavily gilt, and has a handsomely chased border to match the Cup. The articles were designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, Regent Street.

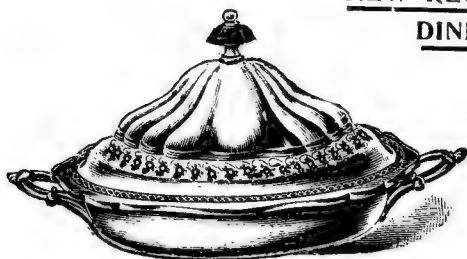


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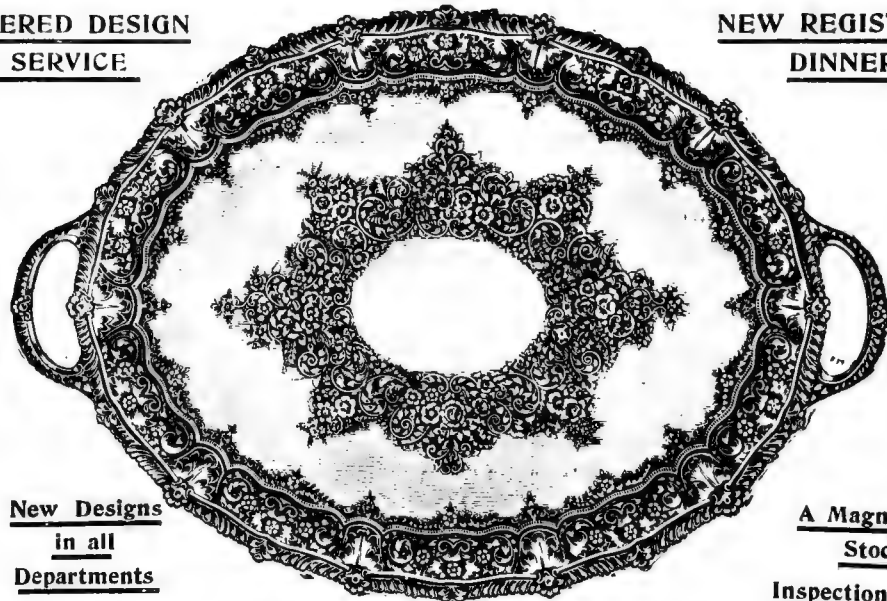


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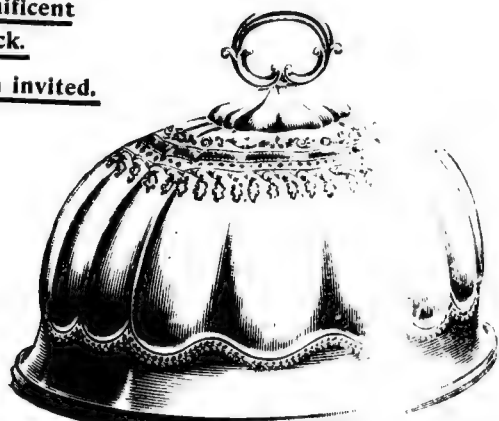
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## FINAL NOTICE.

Closing  
July 1st.

The proprietors of Mellin's Food are offering the very substantial prizes enumerated below to the persons obtaining by July 1st, 1899, the greatest number of names and addresses of parents whose children are being fed or have been reared on Mellin's Food. The lists must be clearly written out on foolscap paper, on one side only, and 12 names to a page, and must be duly signed by the Vicar of your Parish, or other Minister, or a Justice of the Peace.

<b>First Prize</b>	awarded to the sender of the greatest number.	<b>£100</b>
<b>Second Prize</b>	<b>£50</b>	<b>Fifth Prize = £15</b>
<b>Third</b>	<b>25</b>	<b>Sixth " 10</b>
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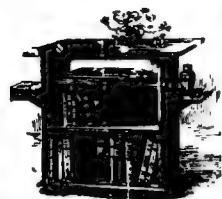
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\* "A History of the Colonisation of Africa by Alien Races." By Sir Harry H. Johnston, K.C.B. (Cambridge: University Press.)

For the time being this wanton aggression on the part of Mr. Rhodes alienated all sympathy for the grievances of the Outlanders, and provoked strong expressions of

Sir Harry Johnston has written a clever book. To the historian and the student it will prove of great value, and to the general reader of unusual interest. The maps are an education in themselves.

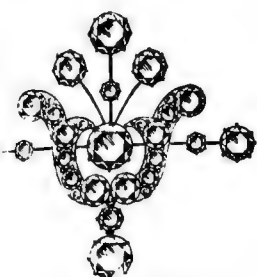
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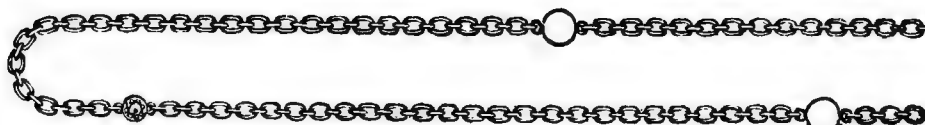
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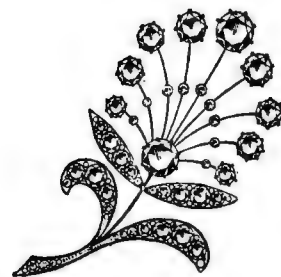
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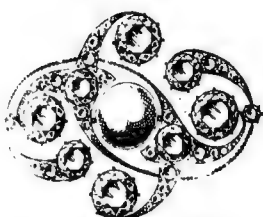
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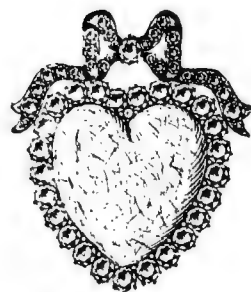
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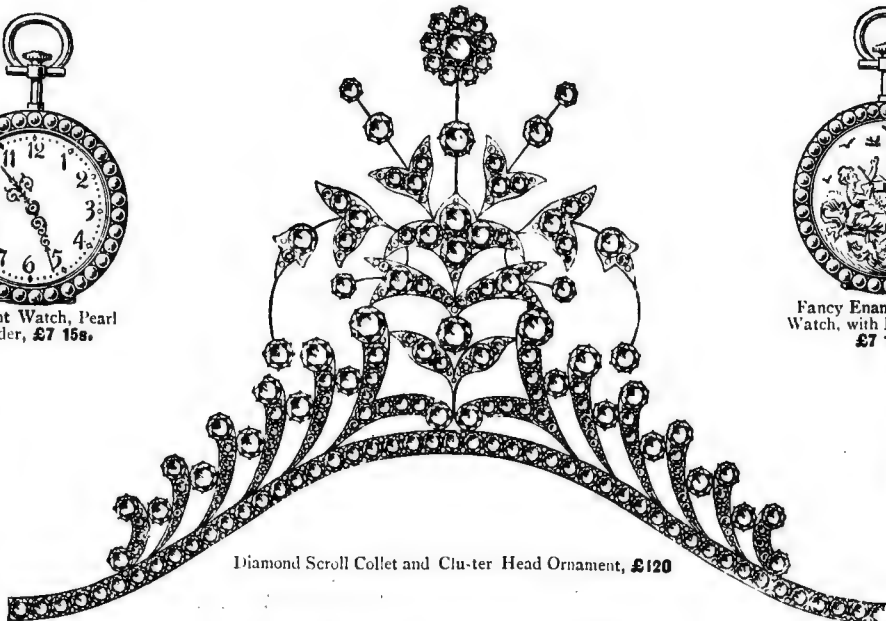
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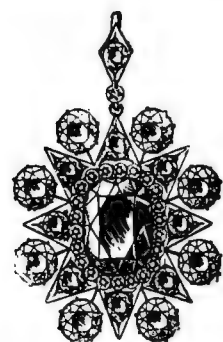
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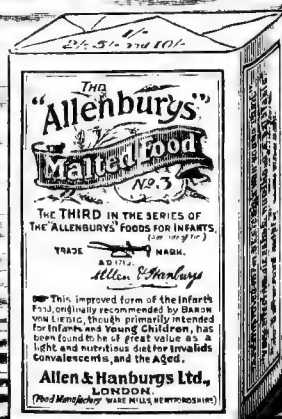
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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

MAY went out without a wheat ear, but on the first June Monday a few from the warm fields of southern Sussex were shown on the Mark Lane Exchange. The season is a clear fortnight late, and the heat of the first week of June has not been of a forcing character owing to the pleasant breezes by which it has been tempered. The acacia, which should put on leaves by mid-May, was only just struggling into earliest foliage on June 1, and the sumach, the latest of all our trees, is only now beginning to uncurl its frondlike clusters of leaves. The magnolia is, however, in full flower, and this is usually dated June 1, so that apparently different plants take

the year differently. After all, this is very much what observation would lead us to suppose, and science confirms the impression. May, for example, was both wet and cold. Now some plants would be injured by both these unseasonable circumstances, others by only one of them, while yet a third class might gain from the unusually good supply of moisture what they lost by the unusually poor supply of heat.

FAIR RENTS

It is curious to notice that an agitation is now in active progress among farmers to ask the Legislature for a tribunal to fix rents. Many farmers are oddly litigious and the tribunal would enable them to talk much, inexpensively as they hope, and in an agreeably informal manner, about their grievances. The Fair Rent question in Ireland is due to the way in which the rural Celt clings to the

soil; he sticks to the land without much regard to its paying him three, six, or nine per cent., to its finding him in good clothes, or keeping him in rags. But the Saxon looks at things differently. He does not wish to be tied to any particular farm if he can better himself elsewhere. The Fair Rent question in England, therefore, is quite different to what it is in Ireland. If the assessors of the see eye to eye with the farmer claimant: he would be where he is plus much loss of time, some loss of money and the acquisition of a fine new grievance. If the assessors *did* see the thing as a farmer wished, the farm at that "fair rent" would simply be a premium at the next letting, which premium he would either to pay or make way for another farmer who would. With leases and a shifting population, State interference with rents quickly becomes inoperative.

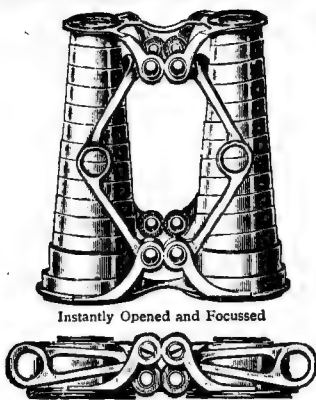
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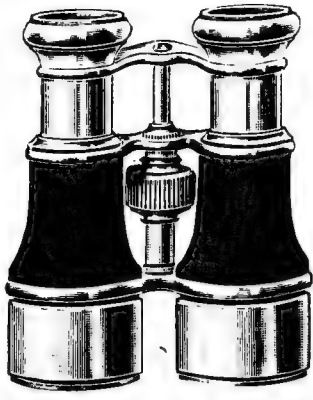
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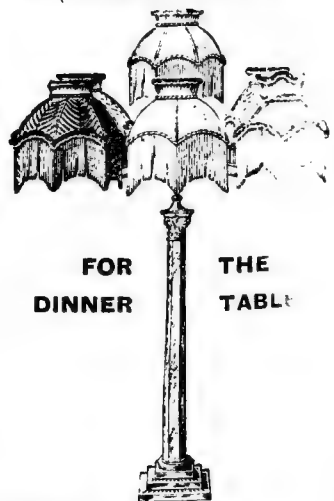
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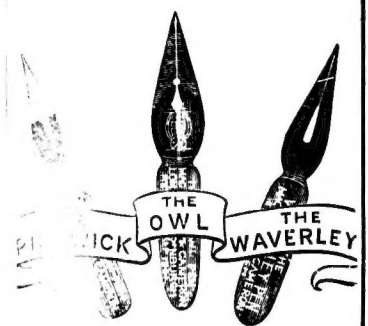
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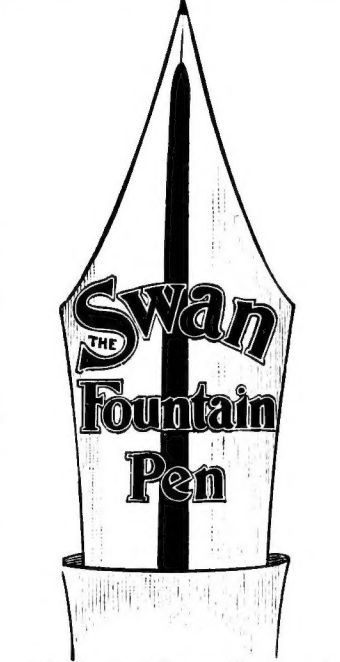


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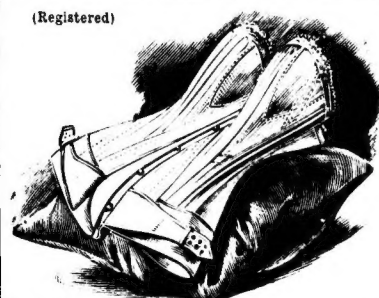
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**THE GRAPHIC, JUNE 10, 1899**



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